BRITANNIA and Eve

FEBRUARY, 1956
TWO SHILLINGS

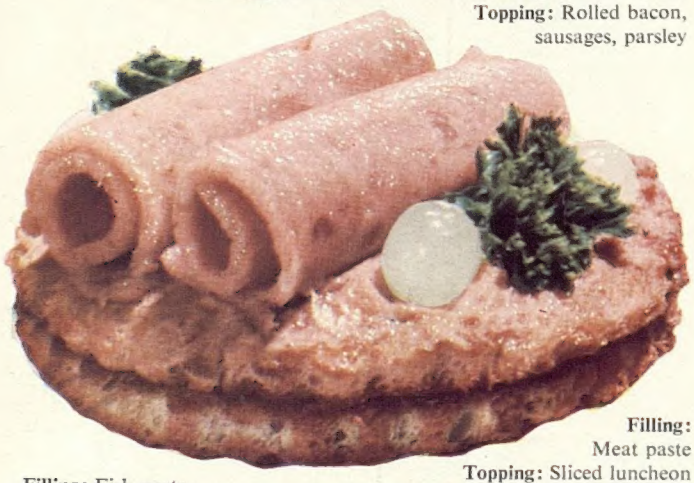
In this issue
COLOUR in the home

and a special
FOOD and WIN
section

ON-THE-SPOT T.V. SAVOURIES

So quick to prepare—so satisfying! Just toast cut-out rounds of bread—spread them with creamy-golden Stork Margarine, then fill and top them with the family's favourite savouries.

Filling: Chicken paste
Topping: Rolled bacon, sausages, parsley



Filling: Meat paste
Topping: Sliced luncheon meat, cocktail onions, parsley

Filling: Fish paste
Topping: Sardines, sliced tomatoes, parsley

CHOICE OF FILLINGS: Fish, meat or chicken paste; cream cheese, grated cheese, cheese spread; meat or vegetable extract; mustard, French mustard, sweet pickles, etc.

CHOICE OF TOPPINGS: Cooked bacon, sliced or rolled; cooked sausages, whole or sliced; sliced hard-boiled eggs, poached or fried eggs; fried ham; tinned meat; grated cheese; sardines; herring roes; cooked chicken livers; prawns, shrimps, mussels, scallops with cooked mushrooms; grilled tomatoes, cocktail onions, etc., and chopped parsley to garnish.

Prepare toppings and keep hot. Slice bread ¼-inch thick, and cut into rounds with a large pastry cutter. Toast on one or both sides. Spread thickly with Stork Margarine and savoury filling and sandwich each two slices together. Spread tops with Stork and more savoury spread. Add hot toppings, garnish and serve piping hot.

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

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PARTY OR T.V. DESSERT

Bake these little Stork sponges before the party. Arrange the sweet fruit toppings and pour the syrup over in time to cool before serving.

Topping: Apricot jam. Halved peach, cherries and grapes. Syrup

Topping: Apricot jam. Pineapple slices and cherries. Syrup

Topping: Apricot jam. Halved pear, tangerine slices and cherry. Syrup

SPONGE SANDWICH:
4 oz. self-raising flour
4 oz. Stork Margarine
4 oz. castor sugar
2 eggs, apricot jam

SYRUP:
Juice of 1 lemon
1 oz. Stork Margarine
¼ lb. icing sugar

SPONGE: Cream Stork and sugar thoroughly, beat in eggs, one at a time, fold in sieved flour, and bake in a Swiss roll tin, lined with greaseproof paper and brushed with melted Stork, for 30-35 minutes on middle shelf of a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.). Cool. Cut into rounds with large serrated pastry cutter. Spread the top of each round lightly with apricot jam. Arrange assorted fruit on top, pressing gently down.

SYRUP: Boil lemon juice, Stork and icing sugar for 2 minutes, then carefully pour over fruit, coating evenly.

Stork Margarine Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

BRITANNIA and Eve

FEBRUARY 1956

VOL. 52 NO. 2

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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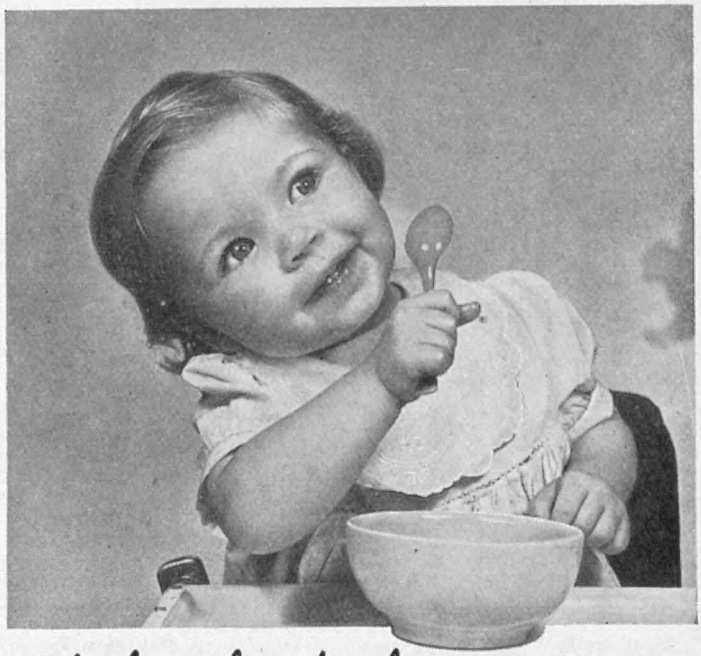

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BACK OF MY MIND

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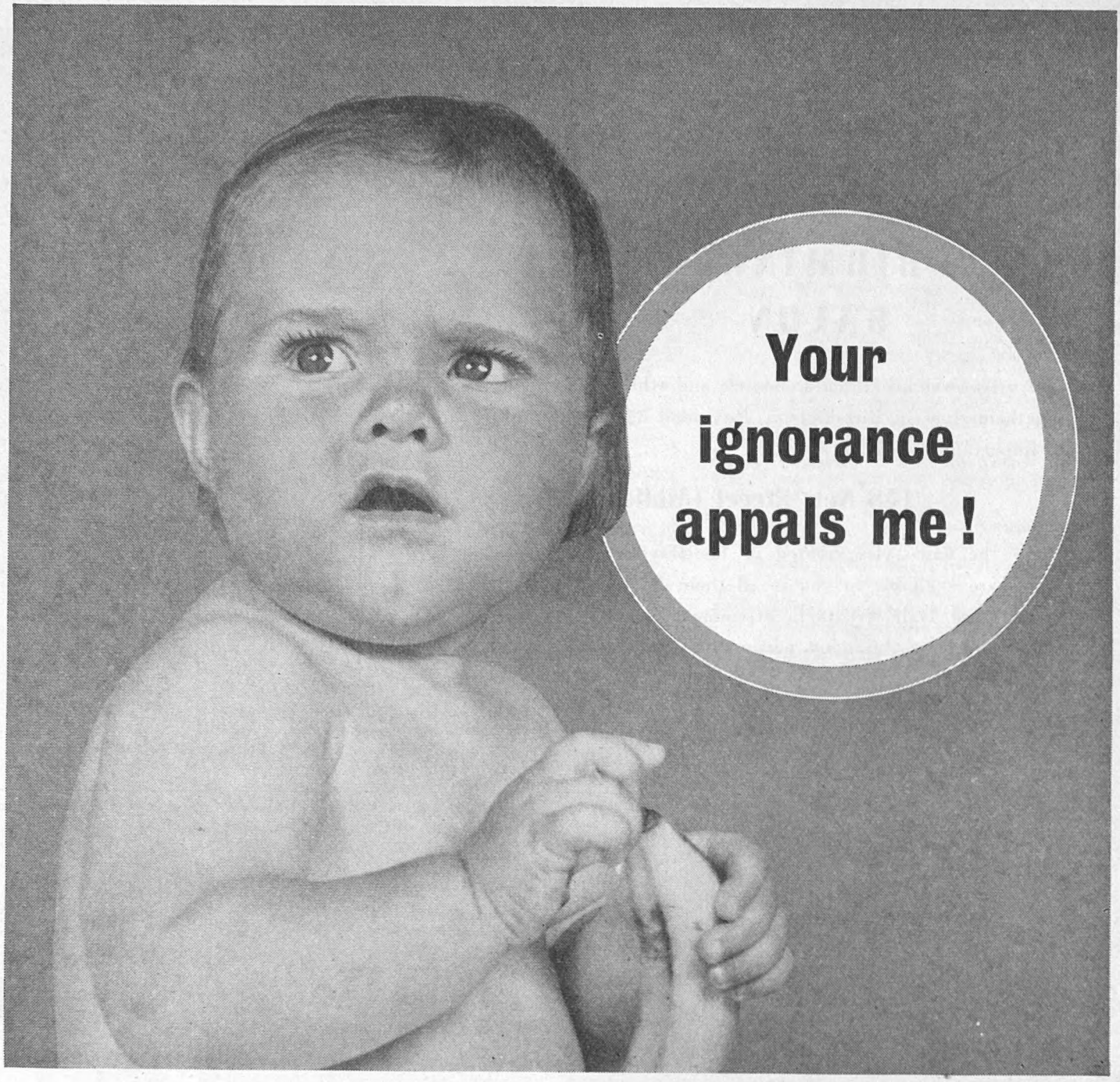

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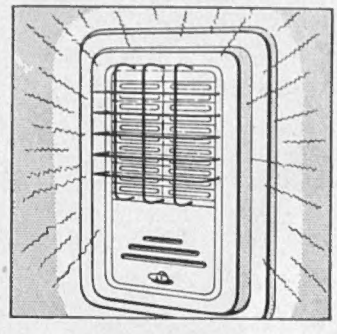

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THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

Ian Finlay laments the passing of the

BAKER'S DOZEN

I 'd like to say, "Slice a pennyworth off one of those apples . . . if it 's exactness you 're after"

I REMEMBER that as a boy, when I went to the baker for a dozen buns or doughnuts, or what have you, he always put thirteen into the paper bag. Always. It wasn't just done to me. It wasn't just done in our particular baker's. It was simply the recognized way of doing business. Long generations before I came on the scene the baker's dozen passed into the language as a phrase meaning good measure ; and good measure was something that every respectable tradesman prided himself on giving.

What a different world that phrase, baker's dozen, conjures up ! It brings back cosy little pastry shops with trays of what were, to all intents and purposes, really homemade tarts. It brings back the scent of new-made bread straight from the ovens, still so hot that it steamed the windows on frosty mornings.

It brings back all sorts of other little shops, too, with saw-dusted floors, open sacks spilling over and crinkled paper decorations round the gas-jets at Christmas-time. The picture isn't limited to bakers by any means. But presiding over it all—or should I say lurking in the rich shadows behind the wooden counter ?—there is a comfortable-looking shopkeeper for ever anxious to please the customer, however diminutive he may be : anxious to satisfy, anxious to send him away *feeling* he 'd got that little something extra for good measure.

Distance, of course, always does lend a certain amount of enchantment. I 'm looking back through a rosy mist of sentiment. Granted in those days gone by there were grumpy shopkeepers, skinflint shopkeepers, shopkeepers who put sand in the sugar and gave short weight whenever they thought they could get away with it. But people looked askance at them. As a rule, I don't think they prospered. The baker's dozen spirit prevailed.

My wife recently reminded me that when, as a little girl, she was sent to pay a grocer's bill, she was invariably presented with a large bag of sweets. Memory may have exaggerated the size of the bag of sweets, as it may have exaggerated the shopkeeper's desire to please ; but baker's dozen and bag of sweets are facts, however one may embroider them. They are symbols of an attitude to the customer once pretty well universal in this country.

Oh, to see again the toy with a personality of its own . . .

Is there still such a thing as the baker's dozen to-day ? Well, I don't think I 've bought a dozen of anything in a baker's shop for quite a long while, so I can't answer for the bakers from personal experience. But fairly often in a fruit shop I buy, say, a pound of apples. What happens is nearly always the same.

The apples are priced maybe 1s. 9d. lb. I ask for a pound of them. The shop assistant weighs them in the scales, cocks a calculating eye at me, and says, "One and tenpence—will that be all right ?" Will that be all right ! Being a mere man, of course, I usually reply with a weak nod. What she means is that the pointer of the scales showed just *over* the pound, so she puts on an extra penny. One could, I suppose, say, "No, it 's *not* all right. Take out one of those apples and put in a smaller one."

What I should really like to say is "Slice a pennyworth off one of those apples and give me the exact pound for my one and ninepence, if it 's exactness you 're after." But what one does do is to accept the whole thing, pay up and walk out of the shop with a quite illogical feeling of being meanly treated.

THERE are lots of answers to throw at this illogical feeling. The modern practice can be justified on half-a-dozen grounds. Many people may think me odd to have such feelings, for this is a scientific age, an age of precision. Let 's be exact in all things, even dealings in a fruit shop. Or the fruiterer may argue this isn't a time of plenty any more, and that he simply can't *afford* to throw in overweight fractions of apple without charging them up.

He may even invoke the sanction of a new sort of conscience, the economical conscience—so much more efficient than the old moral conscience with its rule-of-thumb ways !—and say he 's afraid of what will happen when the auditors come round and call him to book for all those extra ounces he 's given away. The auditors won't care whether Mr. X or Mrs. Y have gone away feeling they 'd had good measure. The auditors are concerned only with customers in the mass and with columns of figures that represent hard facts. This modern world is a much more complicated place to live in than the simple-minded old world of baker's dozens and bags of sweets given away with the receipts.

By now I suppose I stand convicted of being one of those die-hard obstructionists who want to do that reprehensible thing called turning the clock back. (*Continued on page* 56.)

A NEW SHORT STORY by STELLA MORTON

My love is a fugitive...

SHE went to the door with him as she always did and kissed him good-bye. She even stood watching for him to turn and give his last wave just before he reached the bend in the lane, but when he had gone she closed the door and went back into the dining-room.

She sat down and put her hand over her eyes. Even now she couldn't believe that it had happened to *them*. She had been so sure, so absolutely certain that she loved him. If anyone had suggested to her even two days ago that she didn't love him, she 'd have laughed. Two days ago she had loved him. Two days ago everything had been perfect, just as it had been from the beginning, but now the whole shape of life had changed.

And the agonizing fact was that she recognized the change—because it wasn't the first time that it had happened.

She 'd had men friends before she was married. People had thought her fickle, concerned only with having a good time! It wasn't that. It was rather as though all the time she 'd been looking for him—for David—and sometimes she 'd thought that she would never find him, that he existed only in her imagination.

Charles, John, Michael, Christopher—she 'd been about with each of them, and at their first meeting she 'd thought, " Perhaps this is he." For a month or two she 'd almost persuaded herself it was true. And then with depressing regularity the thing had happened and suddenly, often between one day and the next, all the gold and the glory had gone and Christopher or John or Michael had become ordinary, even boring. Then she 'd realized that what she thought to be love had been only a false glamour.

But one day, one night rather, she had met David.

She had so nearly not gone to Carole's party. She was tired and had, of all things, toothache. She remembered now how she had come out of the bathroom and sat on the bed in her dressing-gown and thought, " I can't go. I really can't. I 'll ring up." And then she remembered Carole saying, " You won't let me down, will you, Linda ? Martin's bringing five of his friends over and I want every girl I can lay my hands on——" so instead of ringing up she finished dressing, phoned for a taxi and went.

AND David was there. Out of all time and all the ages, David was *there*. And yet she had so nearly missed him. So nearly. . . .

At first she barely noticed him, and even when she did she hadn't been attracted to him. It was only half-way through the evening when she had danced with him a couple of times that she became aware of him, and by the end of the party it was as though—not her normal, everyday self, but some other deeper self altogether was saying, " This is something different."

An hour later, lying in bed with already the first light of a new day drawn along the eastern sky, she 'd been afraid and said to herself, " Don't be a fool. You 've been in love before. This is only the same thing over again and by to-morrow or the next day you 'll have forgotten all about him."

But she hadn't forgotten him, either to-morrow or the next day. Or, for that matter, in a week's time. It was as though he were *there*, living some new kind of life in her heart.

They 'd made no arrangement to meet and she began to be filled with a dreadful grief because she would never see him again. One evening, in what was almost desperation, she went to see Carole who, talking lightly about the party, said, " Everyone adores David, of course. Didn't you think he was a dear ? "

She returned home more miserable than ever. " Everyone adored him." He 'd have dozens of friends. Probably he was already engaged to be married. She was, she told herself, being maudlin and ridiculous about him and in all probability he 'd not even tossed her another thought. There was something almost indecent, she decided, in this sickening longing for a man she had met only once. But all the decisions and resolutions in the world didn't make any difference to the longing, nor to the way in which he seemed to have taken up residence so deep in her heart.

Then, two or three nights later, a car drew up at the door and he was there—and her first reaction had been one of tears. She had to choke them down, smile and say the conventional thing. But not for long. They 'd driven out into the country and he had told her how it had been just the same for him.

" I 've got to tell you," he said to her, " that I 've thought myself in love before, that 's why I waited a couple of weeks before coming to see you. I thought—I think I even hoped—that I 'd forget you. I haven't forgotten you. In fact, I haven't been able to get you out of my mind for five consecutive minutes. . . . I 'm horribly afraid, Linda, that this is love. . . ."

It was the beginning of it, and each time they met it was as though they became closer to one another, their love deeper.

Now, at last, she was sure. There was no question. Never once did he fail or even mildly disappoint her as the others had done. The others ? She could smile at those surface escapades now, for here was *love*. Here was something which was forever—a strong, gentle, lovely thing which was not dependent on a mood or a whim, but was beyond the reach of circumstances ; safe in the depths of her heart.

" THAT thing " they had called it and he had smiled a little and said, " I never thought all those poet chaps were right, but I 'm afraid they were." And his eyes had narrowed a little as they did when he was thinking and he 'd said, " ' The apple tree, the singing and the gold '—that 's what they call it, isn't it ? It 's true. And we, by a miracle, have chanced on it." And then he 'd taken her hand and held it to his face and said, " It 's such a very precious thing, Linda. We must never let it go. . . ."

" Never let it go. . . ." She 'd smiled at that. As if they could let it go. They were bound by it, made one by it. Even if they wanted to they couldn't let it go.

So it had continued till the day they were married, an ever-increasing broad stream, flowing on to some far sea. And when, at last, he had taken her hand in his and put the wedding ring on to her finger and promised to love and cherish her till death parted them, she hadn't been able to see for tears.

Six months ago. Only six months. . . .

To think of their honeymoon was sheer pain. They 'd spent it on the island of Ischia, off the Italian coast, and if ever there had been a heaven on earth, surely it was there. Rocks, a sea bluer than all the picture postcard seas she 'd ever seen, fishing boats, the moon hanging like a copper disc in the sky ; a mandolin being strummed somewhere behind an open window ; a red rug hung over a balcony ; sunshine ; the scent of flowers—and David. She remembered how, when they were there, the very sight of the back of his head, his wrist, his shoulder, brought what was almost a pain to her heart, she loved him so much.

Even when they were back in England and in their own home, " the apple tree, the singing and the gold " were still there. When he left in the morning, she longed for the

(*Cont. on page* 8)

Two days ago everything had been perfect, just as it had always been—but now everything was changed. If it took her last ounce of courage, she'd keep her promise to David

Illustrations by Scott-Brown

Had she the courage to tear down everything she believed in, everything that was dear to him?

moment when he would come hurrying up the lane again. For at least a quarter of an hour before he was due she stood at the window to catch the first glimpse of him. When she saw him she went to the door and flung it open while he rushed up the path to take her in his arms; and they stood there holding one another as though he had just come back after months away. She had thought, at times, that she would die with the sweetness of it.

That 's how it had been right up till two days ago—and then, like a knife cutting down, it had all gone. But where ? Why ? What had she—they—done ? No, it wasn't " they "—it was only " she." Only herself. He still felt the same, she knew it. Yesterday when he came in, there had been the same warmth in his kisses and he had held her in his arms just as he had always done.

But her heart had been cold and afraid. Within the space of forty-eight hours this awful change had come. He wasn't David any more, wasn't the glorified being she had thought him, to be for over a year now, he was just an ordinary man. At dinner she had found herself looking not at him, but into him, and with a sort of horror she had realised that already there were lines coming at the corners of his eyes and there was a slight stain of nicotine on his index finger. But, she told herself, all those things had been there all along and yet suddenly they weren't part of him, part of the man she had well-nigh worshipped, they were quite *apart* from him, things she looked at almost critically.

SHE knew now that the unbelievable thing had occurred, that what had happened to her light love-affairs had happened to her again—only this time with *David*.

She stood up and went to the window and looked out over the fields to the elm trees, leafless and beautiful against the cold sky. What was she to do, that was the question ? They 'd always told each other that if there were any change of feeling they 'd never seek to hide it. However hard it was, they 'd be strictly honest, and each tell the other just what had happened, where the trouble lay.

If only there were trouble. If only there were something definite to catch hold of. How was she to go to him and say, " It isn't that thing any more, David. I thought, I could have sworn, that I loved you for ever, right through life and beyond life, but I know now, I 've made a mistake. I don't love you any more. *I don't love you. . . .*"

Was she to go to him and say that ? Had she the courage to tear down everything he believed in, everything that was dear to him ? And if she had, what could he do ? What could either of them do ? You couldn't bring back a love that had died. No one could. But what of their lives ? Divorce ? The very thought horrified her. She and David going through *that* after Ischia, after all they 'd meant to one another. And yet was it possible for her to go on pretending for the next thirty years ? Could anyone ?

SHE felt like a trapped animal, desperately trying to find some means of escape from the bars which shut her in on all sides. And she felt, too, as though she wanted to take all that lovely past year into her arms and hug it to her, to keep it still inviolate, still radiant. But already it had slipped away from her, become outside her, no longer part of her inner being.

Only one thing was clear—if it took her last ounce of courage, she 'd keep her promise and tell David. Farther than that she couldn't go.

The hours of the day, usually so slow in passing, raced along, bringing the time of his coming home nearer. She made herself tea and remembered with a start that to-morrow James was due to arrive for a two-week stay and that she had no room prepared. That, at least, was something concrete which had to be done and she hurried upstairs and took out sheets and blankets and towels; made the bed, dusted the room.

" James," David had said, " is a museum piece. You 'll love him." He was David's great uncle, seventy-three and, if David's description was right, a pretty queer specimen. When he had written and said he was coming to England for a week or so, David had asked her if he might stay with them and she—so gladly then—had agreed. " He 's done a bit of everything," David had told her. " He paints quite well, has written books on philosophy, crossed the Sahara, lived in practically every country in the world, studied medicine and wears bow ties. Any money he has, though, comes from the very romantic novels he writes under the name of James Neal—that 's why we call him James. His real name is Oliver Chandos."

" Will he bring his wife with him ? " she 'd asked. David had laughed. " A wife ? Old James ! Good heavens, no. He was born a bachelor, I should think. He 's the perfect celibate—that 's why he writes such lurid romances, I suppose. All celibates are romantics, aren't they ? "

It had all seemed fun, amusing, when David had shown her his letter, and she had looked forward to his coming, but now she wished with all her heart that he could have gone to a hotel, anywhere, rather than come to them.

The room was ready for him when she heard David's footsteps in the lane.

They had finished dinner and were sitting by the fire drinking their coffee. She had hoped, prayed, that when he came home a miracle would have occurred and everything would have become wonderful again. It hadn't.

She closed her eyes for a moment and thought, " I 've got to tell him, got to. I promised. We both did," but even then she waited till he 'd finished his coffee and had put the cup down on the table by his side.

" David," she said at last.

He had picked up the paper and was glancing at it. " Yes ? " he answered, and she thought even his voice sounded changed, unalive.

She drew a breath. " I 've got to tell you . . ." she began, and then she stopped and started again. " David, do you remember how, when we were engaged we promised that if . . .

(*Continued on page* 58)

" Don't be sad, Linda—or you will make me wish that I hadn't told you my story "

It began with a frightened wraith and ended with the accession of a queen to her ancestral throne

The Story of Snowbellina

by SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE hamlet lies at the bottom of a bowl in the Downs. A *pot-pourri* bowl, it seemed, when we arrived last summer. Embalmed among still leaves, roses and honeysuckle poured a disembodied scent into the waiting air. At dusk, no breeze stirred among the yellowing battalions of corn deployed across the hills; in our hollow, the leaves had turned to onyx.

Then, one night, a frightened white wraith slipped across the garden. I ran out, just in time to see the wraith vanish with a haunting cry into the scented tangle.

A few evenings later she was back again. In her stealth and shabby appearance lingered an echo of grace that oddly moved us. She had been brought here, we learned, quite small, by the family of a former gardener. The children had treated her as a tennis-ball, to be thrown—and dropped by butter-fingers. Their elders had kicked her as a matter of principle, for, in common with many country people, they hardly considered white a suitable colour in the circumstances.

When the gardener and his family were leaving, they asked the men up at the farm to shoot her. The farmers refused, and let her wander the ricks, after mice and occasional scraps. Nevertheless, by common consent, she was "that awful stray." Quite why she was awful I could never find out. Perhaps it was because by now she had gone savage, biting like a ferret anyone quick enough to lay hands upon her.

We put out food for her. Who could say for sure that she got it regularly, that it was not nabbed by a sleek, dark chap called General Potts from across the way, who intimidated her utterly in those days? But, at all events, she took to haunting the garden, though like a snow-fox she was off at your first approach. One afternoon, however, as she vanished among the bushes, I answered her complaint with as good an accent as I could manage. To my joy, she recognized my pidgin-cat, pouring out a story of brutality and neglect. Despite my absurd faults of grammar, our conversation quickened. The leaves began to quiver towards me; just then one of the hamlet boys leered over the wall, and the spell was broken.

No fresh chance for over a week. Perhaps all the clamour up at the farm, the fussing tractors, had terrified her, But the white wraith came back, to take her food from outside the kitchen door. One day, though my approach sent her racing for cover, I knew she had not gone very far. Conversation began, and I hazarded a few dishonest compliments. The leaves trembled and, one paw at a time, she crept out on to the lawn. I crouched, softly appealing. She padded towards me; for the first time her dazzling tail rose and fluffed like a Court aigrette; she had sloughed off the suspicion of a quarter lifetime. At last she let me pick her up. She struggled a moment as I carried her in. Half an hour later she began to purr.

Slowly, regular meals put flesh on to those fine, neglected bones, though her aristocratic wraithlike quality lingered, as if one were picking up a whiff of fresh white smoke.

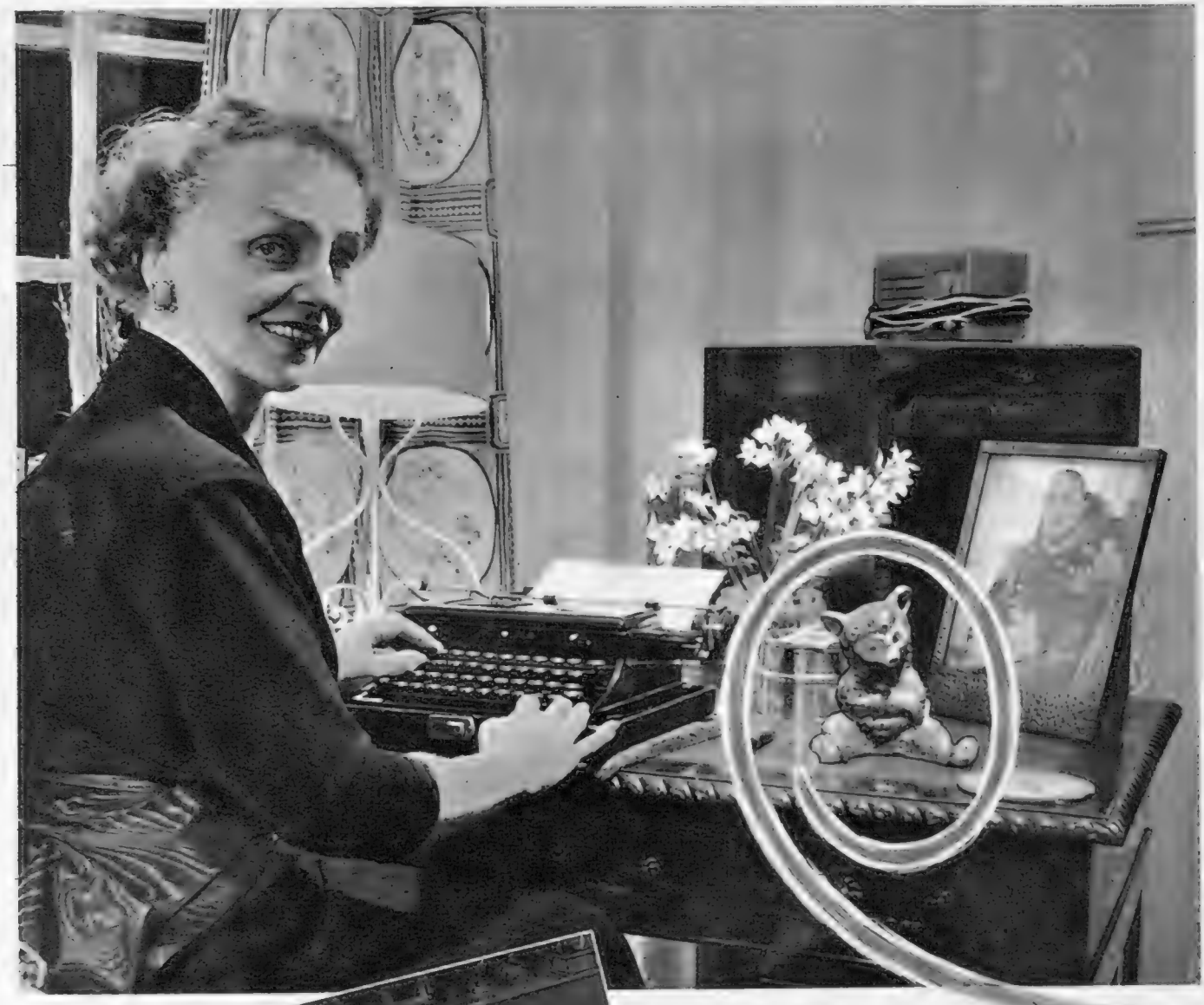
We christened her "Snowbellina." I would have preferred "Popocatapetl," since when she played she put me in mind of the snowy Mexican volcano, while her translucent pink ears and her coral mouth suggested a white Mexican salamander.

BEFORE gaining her rightful beauty and assurance, there passed days of fear, when a brisk movement or too loud a voice sent her slinking into the shadows. At first her long coat moulted abominably; fine white hairs mingled with a sort of "Old Man's Beard" that floated strangely through the air, and everything became a snow queen's kingdom.

Then, one morning I came down, and instead of a jumpy, plaintive refugee, I found a snow queen in fact, supreme over her kingdom, perfectly sure of her subjects, and leaving me in no doubt of her dislike for unpunctual breakfasts. Yet she revealed herself as a charmingly youthful sovereign, who in the years of exile had not forgotten how to chase her tail, or how, with flattened ears and twitching rump, to play the tigress when a bird sang too noisily or hopped presumptuously close.

She is always ready for a game with the children, too; yet in her commerce with them (*Continued on page* 56)

"Of course, it is wonderful to be a successful novelist and journalist," says Ursula Bloom . . . But few people realize that the life is sometimes dull and often very, very lonely



A teddy bear mascot sits beside Ursula Bloom when she is working. It was a gift from her son. Ursula means "little bear." Looking back at the total of last year's work, this prodigious writer can tick off nine books, at least seventy short stories, and around 200 daily newspaper features—many of them calling for arduous research. For good measure, she travelled the country lecturing, held an exhibition of her own embroidery—150 pieces designed and worked by herself—and dealt with a daily postbag from readers of her newspaper columns that would in itself provide a full day for most of us.

It's a wonderful life—sometimes!

says URSULA BLOOM

THE world believes that fame is fun! It fosters the most extravagant ideas about women writers, and tells me that all my stories are whirled off at incredible speed, with little effort, for inspiration comes easily to me. I gather that I never have to alter or revise, nor flog my brain for the next idea. I am assured that all editors are panting to accept my work, and to pay vast sums of money for it, also that I sell every word that I write.

It is entirely incorrect. Literary inspiration is the product of an obstinate persistence, which is big enough to defy the constant disappointment that comes; every piece of work demands exhausting editing and revision. None comes easily, even though it reads as if it did, and the writer is seldom satisfied with the final product, for in her own mind she has visualized something startlingly better, and believes that she has failed.

Every morning of my life the postman's donation, coming thudding through my letter-box, tells me only too plainly that editors are *not* panting to accept my efforts, and I know too well that I shall never make a fortune.

My life is not the platform appearance the world believes. People suppose that night after night I dine sumptuously in public, and at the end of a glorious meal rise to make a witty speech, stimulated by champagne, and dressed in something magnificent bought at a reduced rate, "*because it's you.*" as a friend told me.

I avoid public dinners because I suffer from shyness, and anything I might otherwise have enjoyed would be submerged in horror at the prospect of rising to speak! Being a teetotaller, I am not stimulated by champagne. I get no dress reductions "*because it's me,*" for my *vendeuse* is far more interested in prices than those who wear her frocks.

Uncovering my wonderful life, I would even imply that it verged on dullness. I have to allot long hours to my work, which by its very nature has to be executed entirely alone. Few appreciate how great is the loneliness that, in common with other authors, I have to face. It is a delusion that as we climb to success it enables a certain easing-off; success brings greater liabilities, and although fame may shine with the brilliance of a star, climbing up the ladder to snatch it entails blood and tears and sweat every time. Nearing the summit, I would humbly say that it is still more difficult to keep one's balance—and one's head—at the same moment!

At seven every day I begin with the morning papers, so that I may know the news before I contemplate breakfast. It is necessary for a newspaper woman to locate those exciting notes that bid fair to travel farther than the headlines, and exclude those likely to fade out. The hurried breakfast and the arrival of the postman come next; then, soon after eight, I sit down to my desk in what is known as the writing-room.

It is not a romantic spot. It is a small back room in a London flat, measuring about 11 ft. by 8 ft. From the window I look out on the garage, the rough garden where dogs are exercised, and a rubbish heap. None could call my view inspiring! Strangely enough, I have always found that lovely surroundings detracted greatly from my powers of concentration, and that I work better in an ordinary room. Believe me, *I have it*!

I do, however, allow myself something more than mere office equipment; on my desk is the pewter ink-pot from which my father's books were written, and many of my own. The infantry sword and the naval sword of my two husbands, also a carved wooden bear (my Christian name means "little bear") which was given to me by my son.

When work ends there I go to Fleet Street, which may be exciting but certainly is hardly glamorous. I lunch out, and maybe go to restaurants that have names, because this is part of my job. My career necessitates the location of future markets, the selling of my own produce, so that I am in point of fact not only an author, but also something of a bag-woman! A leisurely meal, uninterrupted by domestic interludes and the intrusions of home, makes it possible to discuss with an editor the shape of contributions to come. Few realize that an author works closely with the powers that be, and makes a genuinely earnest attempt to see editorial angles, and adhere to the policy of the paper. Both of these appear to be a closed book to the admiring public.

AFTER a walk with the dogs, I am back at the desk, and there, maybe, I work under quite severe pressure. If a news feature is urgently required, a boy sits in my hall waiting to take it from me to the office. Inspiration plays only second rôle to perspiration, for news has a driving force and it is important to handle it quickly.

In the evening I turn back to a novel and find recreation in writing it. A novel is absorbing, but even this work is written under contract, which gives a date of delivery for the finished object. There are also laws as to the number of words. When executed, the manuscript becomes the publisher's property, not mine, and although I receive six presentation copies on publication, I get no more. It is irritating after those are exhausted to have to pay for my own work, but that is what happens.

I admit that commitments hang over the heads of all authors like the sword of Damocles, and limit the glittering attractions, I fear.

(*Continued on page* 69)

Commercial television, which has awarded its first long-term drama contract to her, will be making viewers more and more familiar with—

The changing face of Joan Miller

By FREDDY BLOOM

The face of Joan in a scene from *Come Back, Little Sheba* as she takes a drink from the hand of the dipsomaniac to whom she is married

Doubt of the future and nostalgia for the past, in the face of a barmaid trying to adjust herself to married life

WRITING about Joan Miller is difficult. She is not like other actresses. It has often been said that she is shy, but shyness is a nice easy word that simply covers reticence without explaining it. It is an easy way out and would not do her justice.

Most outstanding actresses are like diamonds, bright and sparkling. They dominate the magic world of make-believe on stage or screen, and in their private lives they live on a different plane from ordinary mortals.

While the stable, solid, dull majority of us try desperately not to draw undue attention to ourselves, to make certain that our petticoats aren't showing and that we conform to the standards of our neighbours and friends, actresses wear mink dressing-gowns, sleep in velvet-lined coffins, go hunting on unicorns with princes of the blood, or the nearest thing to it. They adore an audience.

That is what makes them exciting. That is why the lucky ones receive fabulous salaries to be spent ridiculously. They actually do the things for which some part of almost all of us yearns. Psychologically speaking, show people are extroverts. They are show-offs. Why else would they want to get on a stage and perform before huge audiences?

Of course, if they are worth their salt they are interested in their art, their particular way of expressing reality through a different medium. This art, in turn, gives them an opportunity of expressing their own personalities, personalities that generally delight us.

It is a good working arrangement. While we get on with the necessary bricks and mortar of life our days are made brighter and lighter by the glitter of the diamond few.

Where does Joan Miller fit into all this? Her performances on the stage and screen have proved her to be one of the most discriminating and powerful actresses on the English stage today. No one who saw her on the stage in *Rosmersholm*, *Pick-Up Girl*, *Come Back, Little Sheba*, *The Man* (the list is interminable) can forget her performances.

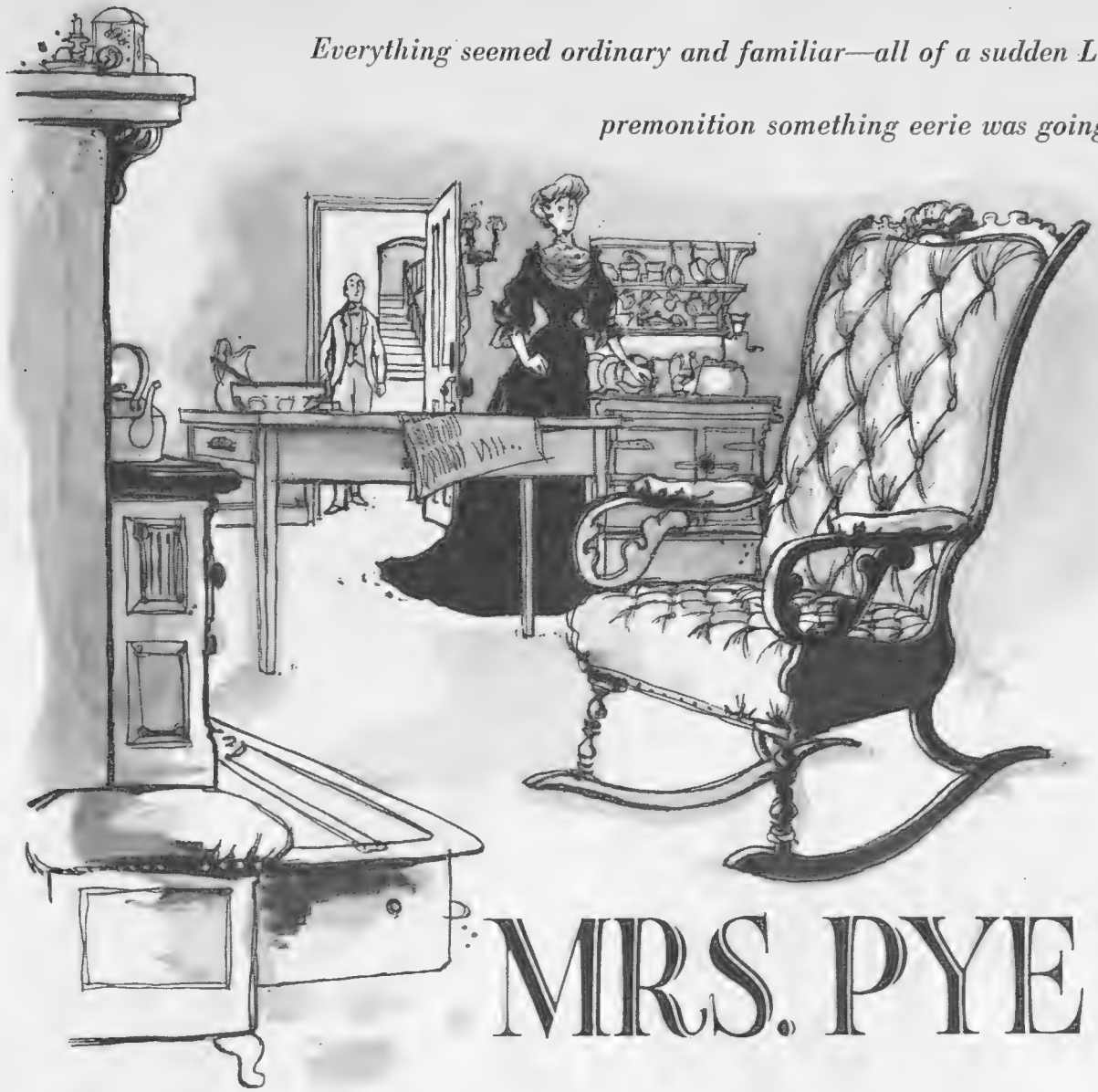
During the past years you may have seen her on television in *Once in a Lifetime*, *On the Spot*, *Ah, Wilderness*, *Happy Journey* or, very recently, in *The Two Letters*, which her husband, Peter Cotes, produced for ITV. She is a superb actress, but off-stage she will not act like one.

(*Continued on page* 62)

Disillusionment, hopelessness, at war with sympathy for the man who is drinking himself into dementia. Another scene from the play *Come Back, Little Sheba*

Another woman—and another face—but still Joan Miller. As the wife in a scene from *Happy and Glorious*, with Duncan Lamont

Everything seemed ordinary and familiar—all of a sudden Louise had a premonition something eerie was going to happen



MRS. PYE

She stared at the chair with curiosity rather than awe

BY E. M. ALMEDINGEN

Illustrations by WETHERBEE

IT happened in the year of King Edward's Coronation. The Grahams lived in a big house in Cromwell Road, and Louise Graham, a hostess of some five years' standing, had made her plans early. She would give two dinners, a few luncheon parties, and wind up the season with a dance. Such functions necessarily meant a sharpened attention to the food, but Mrs. Pye, as Louise always told her friends, was one in a million.

Not even the most intricate recipe could defeat her, and her sweetness of temper was miraculous : for three whole years there had not been the least breath of ruction below stairs. Mrs. Pye soothed and fed everybody so well that the inevitable storms of an Edwardian household ended in a doll's tea-cup.

And all of it seemed more extraordinary because of Louise's vague misgivings at the time of engaging Mrs. Pye. Her references were unimpeachable. Her plump pink face looked kindly and her manners were perfect, but Louise felt oddly ill at ease.

"Yorkshire?" Louise looked at the reference. "Is that where your family lives, Mrs. Pye?"

Mrs. Pye smiled, folded her cotton-gloved hands, and remarked that Yorkshire was a very nice county.

"Would you like to go there for your holidays?"

"A long way, isn't it, m'm?" Mrs. Pye offered by way of reply.

This was at the beginning of October and it was certainly a long way to the holidays, but Louise could not make out whether Mrs. Pye referred to the distance or the time. Her very smile suggested a portcullis, a nicely painted gay portcullis, not the grim medieval contraption of wood and iron.

Then there was the snapshot which Jennings, Louise's maid spoke about. It was very ordinary, just a view of a little house in a street. In the daytime Mrs. Pye had it propped against a candlestick on a kitchen shelf, and at night she carried it up to her room. Jennings said they had often noticed Mrs. Pye smile at the picture.

"I suppose it's a picture of her home," said Louise, and Jennings paused, hairbrush in hand.

"I couldn't say, madam. Mrs. Pye's got such a way with her that you can't take offence. She sort of smiles all questions away—if you know what I mean, madam."

"There is no reason why she shouldn't be reticent about her own affairs."

Jennings paused. "I sometimes wonder, madam, if her heart has been broken," she said solemnly, and Louise remembered that Jennings was passionately fond of reading novelettes.

AND now three years had passed, and at the end of that February, with Louise facing a very busy summer, Mrs. Pye died. Her sudden death came as a grief to the whole household. She used to take an afternoon nap in the rocking chair by the kitchen range. In her sleep she must have moved, the chair rocked forward, and she fell against the open fire. The doctor said death must have been instantaneous.

Nobody in the house could tell Louise anything about Mrs. Pye's background. She would take her days off regularly, but nobody knew where she went. She had never had a single visitor, and Hawkins, the butler, could not remember as much as one letter having come for Mrs. Pye during the three years. At the booking-agency, the girl proved equally unhelpful. Mrs. Pye's first situation had been in London, though she was a native of Yorkshire. She had stayed four years with that family, and left because of her employer's death. She bore an excellent

character. Louise broke in impatiently: "I know she did, but I must get in touch with her family."

The girl searched in a ledger and shook her head. Mrs. Pye's Yorkshire address was not there.

Louise and Jennings together carried out a minute inspection of Mrs. Pye's few, tidy possessions. Her clothes, a wooden workbox, some modest trinkets, a few pieces of ornamental china, a Bible, its blank leaves disappointingly bare, a metal teapot with about thirty shillings in silver—not a note, or a photograph, always excepting the blurred snapshot of a small house in a town street—which might have been in London or Leeds, Manchester or Glasgow. Louise felt puzzled. Surely, Mrs. Pye must have saved some money—but where?

The agency supplied an able enough cook, but Louise's mind was wholly divorced from the events of the coming summer. She felt that there was something in Mrs. Pye's life which it was her duty to discover. Formal inquiries through police channels led to a cul-de-sac. Her husband, John, suggested that they should advertise, but the advertisements didn't produce a single reply. Mrs. Pye appeared not to have had any harbour except for her employers' house in Cromwell Road.

"There's nothing else for us to do, my dear," said John, and Louise shook her head.

"I must go on trying. A woman as nice as Mrs. Pye must have had somebody belonging to her. You know, John, I used to have a feeling that there was something she wished nobody to know about, and I am sure it could be nothing to her detriment. She was so good."

Weeks passed. One morning, as she sat in her room writing letters, Hawkins appeared. Louise looked up.

"Yes, Hawkins? I didn't ring for you, did I?"

"No, madam." Hawkins hesitated. "Please, madam, the cook's in the kitchen."

"Where else should she be?" asked Louise a little impatiently.

"Not Mrs. Jackson, madam. Mrs. Pye."

Louise dropped her pen and stared hard. Hawkins looked perfectly sober. She said steadily: "Now, Hawkins, you know as well as I do that this is impossible. Poor Mrs. Pye is no longer with us, and I trust she is at peace."

"Quite, madam, but she is in the kitchen. Mrs. Jackson saw her, Elsie and me, too."

"Where did you see her?"

THE man swallowed hard. "I was in the pantry, madam, and Mrs. Jackson stood by the kitchen table, and I heard her scream and I ran. . . ." He paused. "Elsie stood by the scullery door——"

"And what did you see?"

"Nothing at first, madam. And I was just going to tell them to behave themselves, when I turned towards the fire. It was all sort of cloudy, madam, as though there were fog in the kitchen, and then it got thinner, and I saw Mrs. Pye in her white apron and all, in the rocking chair by the range. I got the women out into the passage, and I closed the kitchen door, madam."

"You didn't go back into the kitchen at all?"

"I'm afraid not, madam."

"Listen, Hawkins," Louise began, "I want you to go downstairs and tell them that they must not be frightened. Remind them what a good woman Mrs. Pye was. Tell them that whatever it was they did see couldn't possibly have done them any harm. You understand?"

"Er . . . yes, madam."

"Please go down to them at once."

"Very good, madam," but the man looked so shaken that Louise decided to go herself.

The servants listened in silence —there were some queer things going on and they did not like it

"Really, Louise, the whole thing is preposterous"

She saw the household huddled together near the door into the servants' hall. She passed straight into the kitchen. The old rocking chair stood where it had always been, and Louise stared at it with curiosity rather than apprehension. She paused in the doorway, observing the empty chair, the range, the bright pieces of copper on the shelf above. Everything seemed ordinary and familiar, but all of a sudden Louise felt a deep sense of awe surging up in her. Louise shut the door and looking towards the empty rocking chair she whispered :

"Mrs. Pye, you know I've done my utmost to try to trace your family. I realize that you left us so suddenly that there may well be something for us to do. I beg of you—find a way to let me know how I can help." Having spoken, Louise sensed that neither Hawkins nor the new cook had merely imagined Mrs. Pye's appearance in the kitchen. Shaken though she was, Louise waited, but nothing happened either to frighten or to reassure her.

IN the servants' hall, three housemaids who had seen nothing at all wailed and sniffed, and kept muttering that they'd never dare go into the kitchen again. Louise repeated what she had already told Hawkins. She put as much conviction as she could into her voice and she knew that she did not convince them. They listened in silence, a peculiarly stubborn look on their faces saying plainly that queer goings-on were queer goings-on and no mistake, and they did not like it.

Louise ended rather limpingly : "Please, be sensible about it. And, Hawkins, next time it happens, you are to fetch me instantly even if we should have guests at table."

"Very good, madam," Hawkins answered in a muffled voice, and that very day they all trooped in, one by one, to give their notice. Louise felt desperate ; their departure, timed for early May, would leave her unstaffed at the very time when the whole of London would be looking for extra help for the season. Moreover, Louise knew perfectly well that sooner or later the story would weave its way into all the booking-agencies. She could almost imagine their whispers : "The Grahams in Cromwell Road? Ah well, the situation's all right and the wages good, but oh dear, such goings-on in the kitchen, fit to make a body die of fright. . . ."

John merely lost his temper. It was just what to expect of a pack of silly women, but Hawkins ought to have more sense. To leave a comfortable berth just because they imagined they had seen something or other ! He felt sick to death of the whole business. Of course, it was a great pity about Mrs. Pye, but he could not help wishing Louise had left well alone.

"I suppose we may hear of Jennings meeting Mrs. Pye on the stairs—to oblige us with the address of her late grandmother! Really, Louise, the whole thing is preposterous."

"Wasn't it your idea that I should advertise?"

"Yes, but I never expected you to go to such lengths. The whole thing's got on your mind. Do keep your sense of proportion."

"And I can only hope that you'll keep your sense of proportion when you find yourself having to cook your own breakfast," retorted Louise, her patience goaded out of her, but his smile at once disarmed her.

"I've rather asked for that. Well, let's hope they may yet come to their senses."

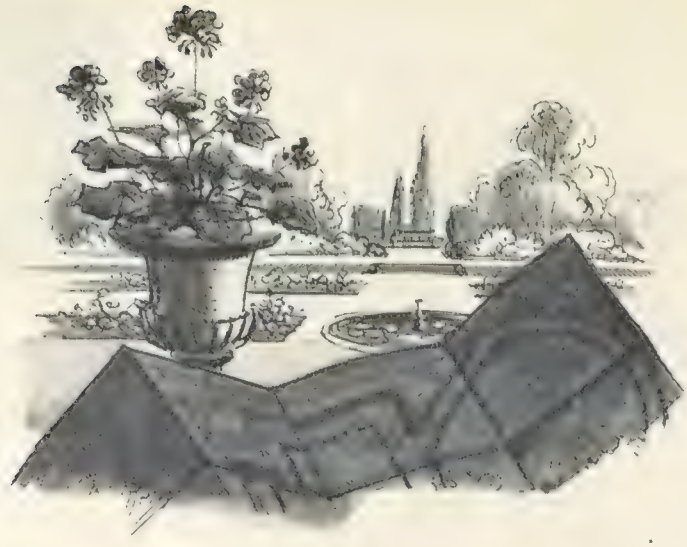
Louise had her doubts but she did not mean to spoil the moment by speaking of them. For about three days the household jogged on rather languidly and gloomily. At the end of the week they were giving a luncheon party, with a cabinet minister and his wife among the guests. Mrs. Jackson, in between deep sighs and hints that she had never been used to "such weird goings-on," sent up an admirable meal. They were just about to discuss a savoury when Hawkins appeared.

"Your mistress did not ring, Hawkins," said John.

Hawkins replied : "No, sir. Please, madam, Mrs. Pye is in the kitchen."

Louise leaped to her feet, leaving her husband to manufacture explanations and apologies. The broad passage, leading to the kitchen, was crowded with her distracted domestics, but she did not stop to speak to them. She made straight for the kitchen door. At once Louise saw that they had removed the rocking chair to a remote corner by the larder door where it stood, unoccupied and forlorn. But, close to the range, wreathed in something that suggested curls and spirals of pale violet smoke, was another rocking chair, and Mrs. Pye was sitting in it. Seeing her, Louise was so moved that all idea of fear left her mind. She stood, looking and waiting for some (*Continued on page* 62)

How to Plan a Garden



• • • *by*

ALDA

St. JOHN CORBIN

The writer, besides being a skilled garden designer, uses also—as an adviser— a very considerable knowledge of horticulture

THERE is a landscape in your garden, even though it is confined within the compass of a two-by-four plot. A rural, or even an open setting, has obvious advantages over one of bricks and mortar, nevertheless, wonders of landscaping can be wrought even on a pocket-handkerchief garden if you set about it with imagination and some knowledge of the principles involved.

Things to consider when planning a garden lay-out come in the following order.

The purpose : is the garden to be purely decorative; decorative and productive; a view to enjoy from the windows or a place to spend your leisure in? Consider the immediate and the long term view.

The second consideration is maintenance. The plan should take account of your resources of labour and money. Does the finished result come within the scope of staff and family? Can you afford to keep it well stocked?

The third factor is the relationship of house and garden. Plan for pleasing effects as well as useful purposes. Retain or create vistas; devise pathways for convenience and "dry shod" areas around the house. Extra cost in respect of the latter will pay dividends.

Next, think of the garden in relation to the surrounding countryside, if any, or to neighbouring gardens. Observe and emphasize worthwhile views—and plan to obscure the rest.

The plot of land itself, its aspect and its contours, will play a vital part in the plan, and it is wise, in the case of a new garden, to inquire into local soil conditions. This technicality will have much influence in the choice of plants and their ultimate success.

The plans on the right and the two following pages are designed for a long narrow plot; a larger and wider one and one irregular corner site.

Here are some more details about each of them.

PLAN 1

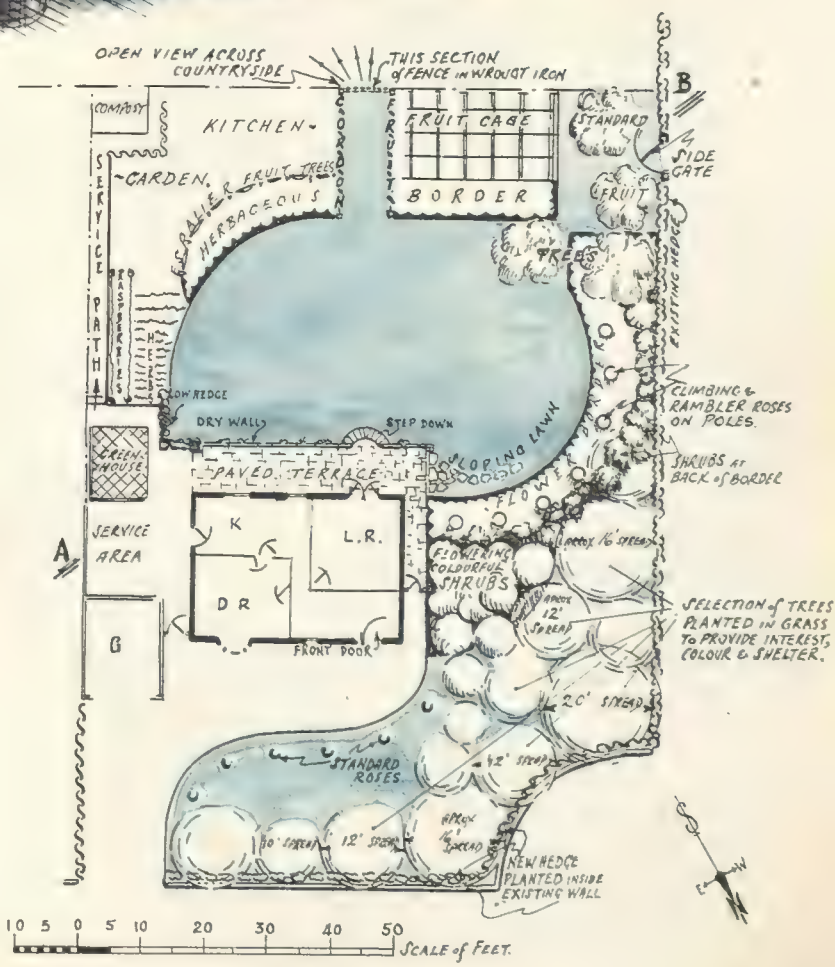
This plan is a regular one facing N.N.W. The plot, 120 ft. by 90 ft. is situated on high ground with excellent views. Perfect harmony between the garden and surrounding countryside has been the aim so that views are enhanced and in no way obscured. The slight slope which runs away from the house has been used to advantage by creating a paved terrace that leads down to a sun-trap lawn. Protection from north winds is given by a tree screen. A very important feature is the "dry-shod" area around the house and the pathway leading to the kitchen garden which is hidden from view by fruit trees and a herbaceous border. This is a plan which can quite easily be adapted for a garden of different shape.

PLAN 2

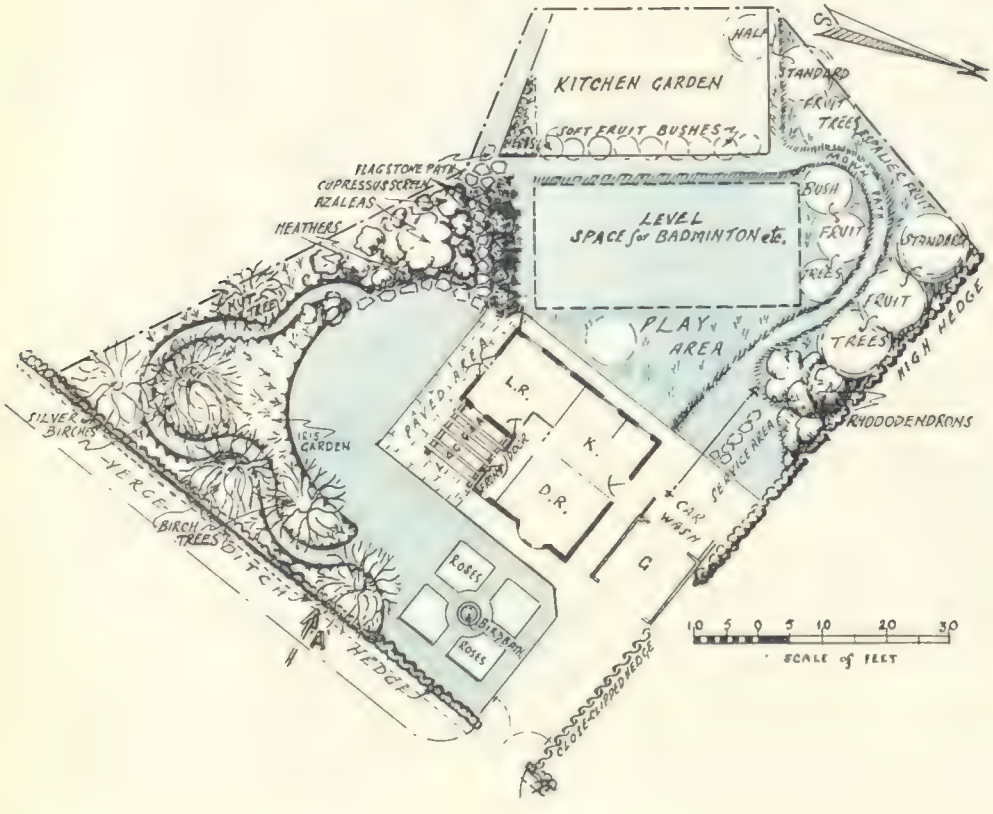
Here is an excellent way of treating an irregular piece of ground. This is a problem property, approximately half an acre, for it faces north to north-west and the house needs privacy from the outside world. Trees are the answer, for they act not only as a shield from the neighbours but form a wind break as well. The selection of plants depend largely upon local conditions where the soil is absolutely free of lime—azaleas and rhododendrons are an ideal choice. A mown path leads from the house to the kitchen garden which includes herbs and fruit bushes. The property is large enough to incorporate a badminton court, a croquet lawn, or just a play area for the children.

PLAN 3

A typical long narrow garden of a semi-detached house. The plot is 160 ft. by 40 ft. The main difficulty is to reduce the length and by illusion to increase width. This is achieved in the irregularity of the layout. The scheme envisaged has to be in perfect relationship to the neighbourhood and afford privacy though not at the expense of the neighbours' view. The paving stone path can be continued from the garden seat alongside the flower border to the kitchen garden without disfiguring the comparatively narrow lawn. The garden offers amenities for pleasure—a hobby and provisions for the kitchen.

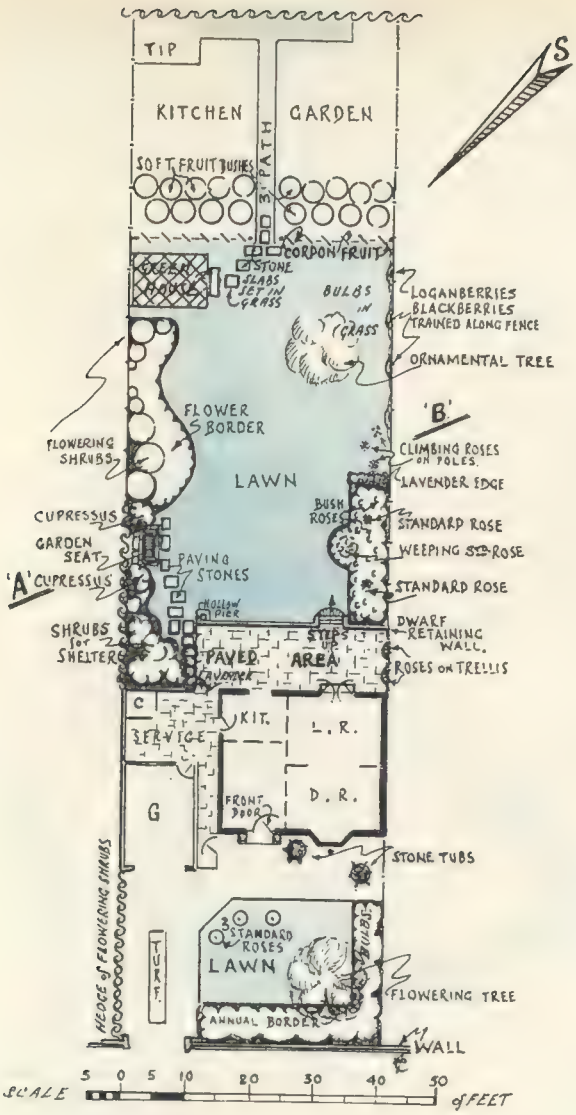


The plan on the right is a proposed treatment for a plot of land of regular shape 120 ft. by 90 ft., situated on high ground and commanding a view to the south and south-east. The impression our artist has illustrated above is taken from A to B on the plan, looking from the paved terrace between the side of the house and the greenhouse across the lawn and the grass walk which intersects the kitchen garden and leads to a wrought-iron gate. A clear view of this vista to the gateway, flanked with trees, would be seen from the back living-room windows. This is a corner site and an entrance from the by-road is provided at the south-west corner



The plan on the left is one for an irregular plot of about a half-acre facing north to north-west and needing protection from the bleak outside world and bleak north winds.

The artist has drawn a view (from A on the plan) looking from the south-east side of the garden across the path which traverses the iris beds, winding through birch trees which are set at intervals on either side of it. In the distance a line of cupressus acts as a screen and is reinforced at a lower level by a bank of azaleas.



A typical long, narrow garden such as many semi-detached houses have. The plan in this case is for a plot 160 ft. by 40 ft., with the usual problems of providing privacy without detriment to the neighbours' views. Our illustration on the right imagines a view across the garden looking almost due south (from B to A) towards the paved path which rises gently to take up the gradient and leads from the terrace to a garden seat flanked by cupressus.

Though it is not shown on the plan, the paving-stone path could be extended past the flower border to the kitchen garden

Illustrations by Charles Stewart

Plans by the author

SUIT YOURSELF

Left : An aristocrat of a suit in the aristocrat of colours—white (it is also made in pale blue). Easy elegance declares itself in the svelte line of the slim skirt and the clever detail on the front of the trim-waisted jacket. By Sumrie at Dickins and Jones, London. About £15 10s. Worn with David Ansell's pure silk shantung white spotted blouse in tan, with stitched Peter Pan collar. Alternative colours. At Gorringes, London, S.W.1 ; Browns, Chester. About 52s. 6d. The marriage of lace with tailoring is one of the happiest unions. At weddings, restaurant dinners, cocktail evenings and formal daytime functions a lace suit has few rivals. Fremette make the one illustrated above in green, beige and navy blue. At Peggy Carter, 43, Berkeley Street, W.1. About 16½ guineas.

Always smart, always practical. Suits and two-piece teams for Spring

On the left: A three-piece in white striped botany wool. The jumper suit adds a matching box jacket with a deep cuffed edging and three-quarter sleeves. Discard the dress top and substitute a blouse and you have a suit. Paul Lenz model at Galeries Lafayette, London, W.1. About 19 gns. for the complete outfit.

Above: A two-piece team in grey pure worsted flannel. The unbroken silhouette of the slim straight dress gives a soft accentuation to the waist and an inset band with tie ends gives a yoke effect at the line of the bosom. The seven-eighths-length coat is loose-fitting and lined with black and white polka dots. Sylvia Mills, at Rocha, Grafton Street, London, W.1. About 35 gns.

Illustrations by JEAN PRIMROSE

It is none too soon to choose Spring and Summer cottons from these examples already in the stores

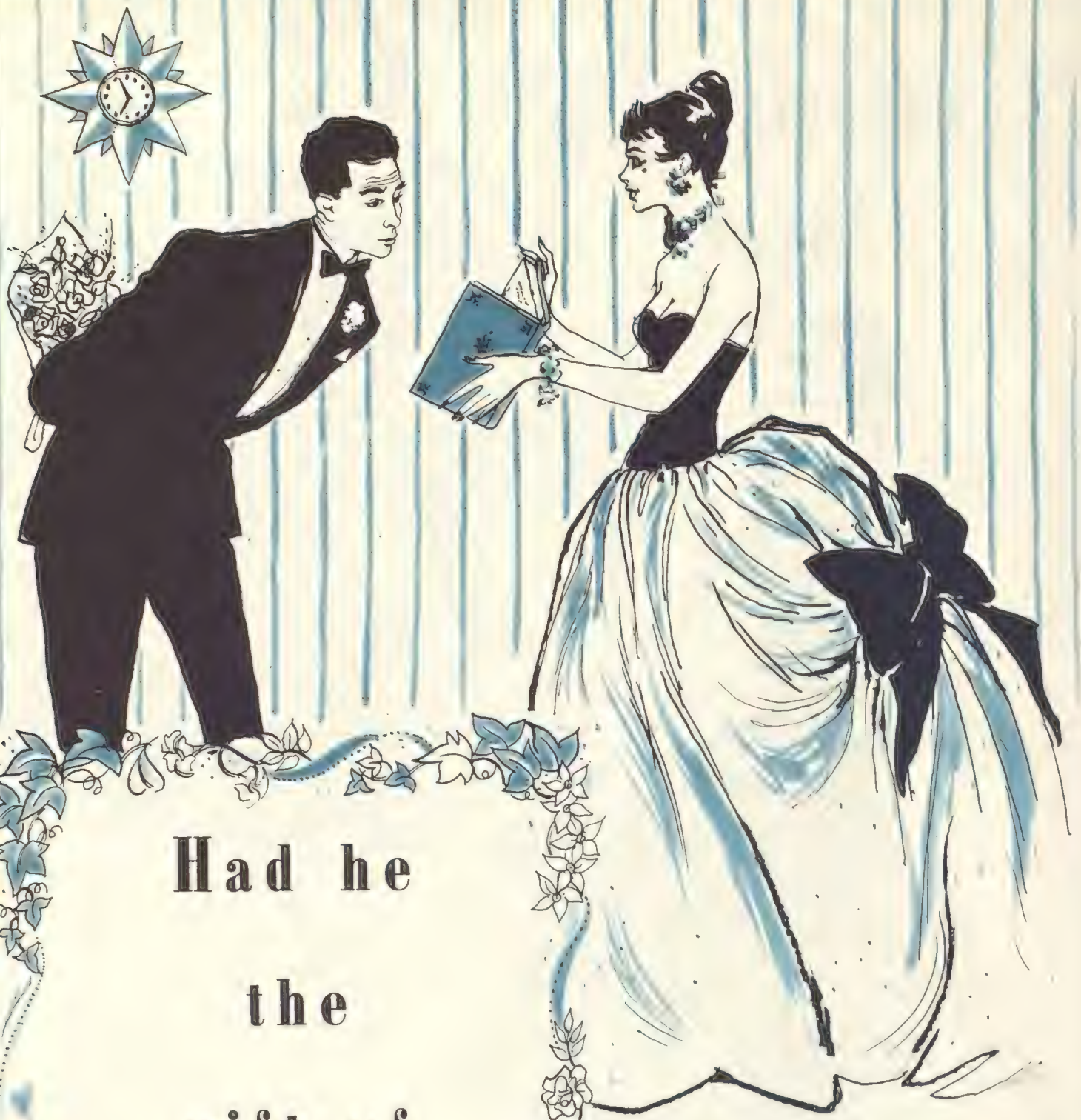
Left : Cotton with the assurance of silk. A fern design on grey, perfect to wear for cocktails now and to join your summer wardrobe later. The camisole bodice buttons through to the hipline, has deep pockets at each side, and the little jacket hugs the neck with a mandarin collar. London Town at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, London ; Henry Lee, Liverpool. About 8½ gns.

Right : Novelty striped cotton. Sleeveless, wide-necked sunny day dress, with a front inset of reversed stripes culminating in a piquant bow. Marcus model. Available in the stores from the end of March. Price about 9½ gns.

LOOKING AHEAD

Left: Choose this endearing young dress with its inked print design in one of four colours, lime green, peacock, marigold, or vivid pink, with in each case, a black "Watteau" design. A prodigious skirt spreads from the whittled waistline and the whole buttons through from back neck to hem. Bijou at Norah Campbell, Queensway, London; Hammonds, Hull. About £4 7s. 6d.

Above: Pink and blue imprinted flowers on a green ground. A multicoloured cotton with an extended inset panel forming cap sleeves and outlining the deep cut square neck. Paul Jonas at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Matthias Robinson, Leeds; Copeland and Lye, Glasgow. About 7½ gns.



Had he the gift of tongues...

Words follow thoughts, but to name the words of love takes generosity and courage—two qualities, above all, that women ask for in men

WHO knows when it all started, this perennial need for women to be told that they are loved and needed? Does it go back to the fall of man and the eternal misunderstanding between the sexes that resulted from it? However it started, women do need the "sweet music of speech" and the reassurance that it brings. Once it was proper for a man to express himself in verse. Sometimes it was good verse, sometimes not, but women loved it.

Shall we ever again be sent a lovely rose and poem with it extolling our beauty? Perhaps not all of us, but Man educates the world and Woman educates Man—so the saying goes. None of us will get verse written or even charming letters unless we merit it by our behaviour. Man only becomes articulate when we show our need of it.

Modern poetry is as varied as the news but it is beginning to pour out. In America there is a great vogue for the romantic poem and every woman's magazine there has its quota today. That we shall soon get a whole new Elizabethan outpouring of it here I am sure. And women will be delighted by it.

I have selected a few modern and ancient verses for you. Imagine such words addressed to you. Imagine that "to hear him speak and sweetly smile, you were in Paradise the while."

by

MARTHA

BLOUNT

Illustration by
Pamela Chaplan

Earliest of all . . . 680 B.C. (translation from the Chinese) from *A Man's Praise Of His Poor Wife.*

I went out by the Tower on the Wall,
I saw the girls in flower,
Like flowering rushes they swayed and bent,
But in that hour
I thought on the maid who is my saint,
In her thin white robe and her colouring faint;
She is my all.

Of course, you recognize this one (*Song of Solomon,* 8)—

For love is strong as death:
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
Which hath a most vehement flame.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
It would utterly be contemned.

1935, John Drinkwater to his wife.
Dedication.

And you, my Lady, to whose lap I bring
This little treasure of my voyaging,
Of you I take how much, of how great worth—
Of your hands healing, peace of your good care
Of your hope strength all perilous things to dare
And fellowship in you with Love and Earth.

One of my favourite late sixteenth century poems, by Edmund Waller, is this—

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. . . .

And now an Irishman born in 1865 and who died just before this war—W. B. Yeats.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams.
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

Shakespeare wrote much of love, but perhaps the loveliest of all is his "True Love."

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Lord Byron (1788-1824) wrote in a sophisticated setting, but he could also write—

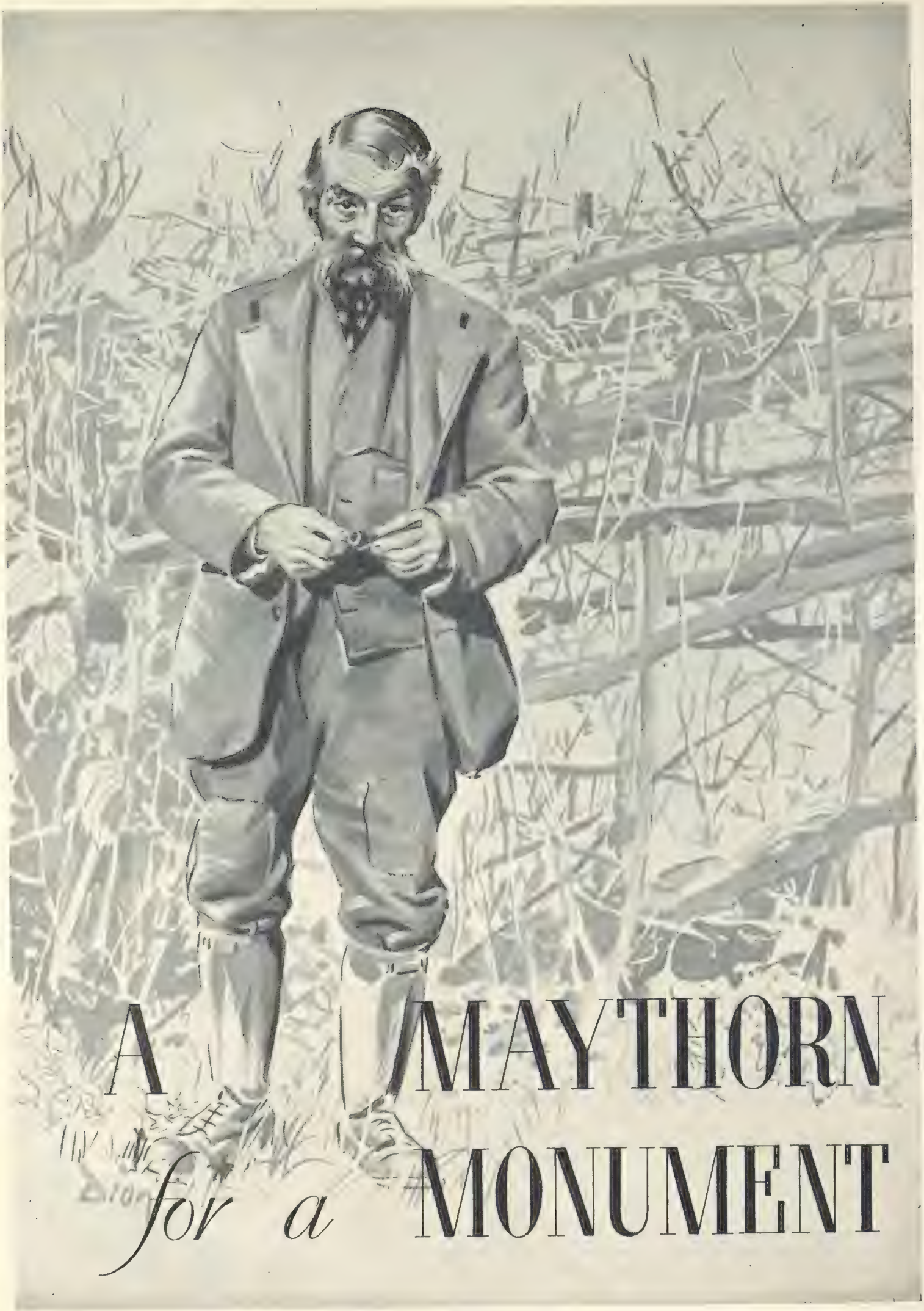
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

Clarence Winchester (published first in *Argosy,* July 1955.)

She is now my lily,
she is my rose;
she is every flower
my heart now grows.

For her is the cottage
for her the pool,
the sunlight and goldfish
the garden cool.

She is my beloved,
beloved by me,
the rose and the lily,
sunlight and tree.



A MAYTHORN *for a* MONUMENT

Hedges were to Morgan Morris what gardens were to other men

HEDGES filled his life, made contented his dreams; and gave him that sense of both worship and service that makes a man happy. The old hedger lived alone in one of the new houses which the Rural District Council had built for agricultural workers. But the real home of Morgan Morris was the out-of-doors; there his stooping, white-haired figure could be seen, tending some needy or neglected hedge.

Morgan worked piece-labour. He contracted, for a certain sum, to pleach a length of hedge for a farmer in the spring; or, later in the year, to trim and cut during the summer an overgrown hedge back to its correct shape. In the winter, Morgan spent his time tidying up the banks of the hedges he had pleached in the previous spring. He was known and respected throughout five parishes as being the greatest local expert at his art. The great hedges that he pleached always grew.

Pleaching is a most difficult rural craft; the tall high lengths are thinned out; some are cut at their bases and the whole layered and interwoven around neatly spaced-out stakes. Thus a twenty-foot high, ancient hedge which has become thin at its base is reduced to a thick and well-formed structure. Neatly layered hedges formed by some men did not grow with late spring; the hedges made by Morgan always grew. And, later in the year, the older hedges which he trimmed with a bushing hook always had shape and eye-pleasing contour about them.

This tranquil life of Morgan Morris continued for forty years. In snows and suns he worked in the out-of-doors; a solitary among the calling of the larks over the water meadows, and among the crowing of the cock pheasants from the larch plantations.

IT was a cold morning of early spring and Morgan was at work on a roadside hedge by Romer's Farm. The nights were yet of winter; sharp with frost and bright with blue stars. But towards the noon of each day there was the promise of full spring; a heat to the sun, and cloud shadows on the green surface of the pastures.

It was a long hedge to pleach, and a difficult one. It had not been layered in this century, and the trunks of the thorns and the hazels, the maples and the hollies, were thick and matted with ivy. Occasionally, as he worked, Morgan left a particularly strong sapling to stand upright for growth as a future hedgerow-tree. And he never cut down a holly stem for, like hedgers all over Britain, Morgan always left holly heights untouched.

Most people passing along the road had a "good morning" for Morgan. Some stopped to talk, although the old man never ceased his own work for conversation.

NOW, as he worked with his leather gloves and his curved bill-hook, he heard the sound of the small red van which Jenkins the Post drove. Jenkins delivered the mail throughout the east side of the parish, and each morning gave Morgan a little friendly toot of his horn in passing. But this frost-touched morning the little red van was stopping. A moment later the postman climbed out on to the roadside bank, calling:

"Day to you, Morgan, how is the old hedge shaping?"

The old hedger laid down his molly, the large wooden mallet which he used for driving in the stakes, and smiled as he answered: "Oh fair, Jenkins, fair."

The postman looked down the wall-like length of the finished part of the hedge, and then said slowly:

"Looks a beauty to me, anyway. Lot of waste stuff you had to cut out, I see?"

Jenkins pointed to the masses of brushwood which the old hedger had cut out, and which were lying on the grass of the field beyond the road. Morgan nodded, and replied:

"All the old stuff cut away, and only the useful part left. Like when a man goes to Heaven, I reckon, Jenkins."

The postman wagged a rheumaticky, warped finger at his friend: "You're too much of a philosopher, that's your trouble, Morgan. You are too much alone"—he paused and then went on—"but here I am gossiping with you and wasting time. The fact is, I stopped (*Continued on page* 64)

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

We asked four leading London decorators: "What do you think is the most original combination of colour—stimulating but not tiring—for a small living-room?"

ROBIN and LUCIENNE DAY, a man-and-wife team: "A predominance of white and black in the walls and ceiling, with colourful secondary areas of bronze-green, emerald green and lime. Bronze for the floor covering, and black and lime green for the upholstery. Greens are comfortable colours, and the slightly strange effect of combining different versions gives interest and character. Very small accents of emerald would complete the scheme"

Be a chameleon over COLOUR

THE Oriental peoples have much less inborn fear of colour than we, although we are certainly becoming more venturesome in our use of colour in the home. What daring "clashes," what exciting colour combinations the Chinese use in their embroideries, the Persians in their manuscripts and miniatures, the Indians in their saris and paintings! Certainly, where dress is concerned, their sense of colour seems to be entirely uninhibited. The use of colour, and experiments with it in the home, are exciting because we can enhance what needs enhancing and distract attention from what we wish to conceal.

Have you thought about the effect that light has upon colour, of how one colour beside another seems to make it glow and vibrate? Modern floral decorators say that reds should be mixed to give vividness to the effect of a flower arrangement; in nature you can see many good examples of this. Fuchsias owe so much of their loveliness to their mixture of scarlet with mauve-pink in the same bloom, and of red with violet-blue in another variety.

The olive-green, shiny leaves of a magnolia tree with its pearly white flowers are made even more beautiful by the contrast of their suède-like, russet-coloured undersides. It is easy to think of more such examples of daring and lively colour-contrasts in nature. All will give you inspiration for your own schemes of decoration.

In a room with plaster-white walls, try the sparkling effect of furniture painted geranium-red set against white rough-textured cotton curtains, and pelmets fringed with heavy red cotton fringe. Picture with this chair covers or a bedspread of pink-and-white candy-striped chintz. It isn't as crazy as it sounds, after all, certain roses combine scarlet and pink on different sides of their petals, and a bowl of the old-fashioned striped roses, with rose-and-white petals, can look wonderful when mixed with sharply-contrasting scarlet geraniums. In the same room I should like to use a soft grey-green for the floor and old flower-prints in white frames to add further interest to the walls.

DENNIS LENNON: "Three walls of greyish-tan and one white, white ceiling, pale turquoise blue curtains, light grey carpet with thick white square on top. Settee in charcoal with cushions of white, pink and grey, and one chair in deep pink. Low lighting with dark olive shades. Set of gold framed pencil drawings and a screen covered with enlarged engraving in black and white"

For a change from stereotyped colour combinations try putting violet and burnt-orange upholstery in a room with palest lime-green walls and white, matt paintwork. Patterned curtains could be in coral-and-white print. Or, for another unusual team use emerald-green covers and carpet against pale flesh-pink walls and curtains in brown-and-white printed chintz or striped cotton?

Clear, lemon-yellow covers, edged with a thick white cotton fringe, look crisp and lovely against a cerulean-blue wall (the other three walls being white), with a black, polished composition or plastic-tiled floor and white rugs. Aquamarine walls and matching paintwork, both very pale, can be contrasted with deep jade hangings and chair-seats, perhaps in a velvet or a very fine-wale corduroy. In this scheme use a deep cherry-red carpet with white lamps and shades to complete the picture.

If your room has plenty of windows and light enough to warrant it, bottle-green painted walls, white skirtings, doors and window-frames, though it sounds drastic, are lovely. As a background for a harlequin collection of cushions, china and books in all colours of the paintbox: pink, sulphur, tangerine, china-blue, vermilion and imperial purple—it simply could not be nicer. Oh yes, and what about salmon-pink with sapphire-blue; white and gilt, with pale dove-grey as a neutral foil. Think of dove-grey walls picked out with mouldings and paintwork in chalk-white.

Mirror-frames, wall-sconces and picture-frames could be in dull gilt, some of the furniture white, and curtains, in salmon-pink velveteen or Roman satin. After (*Continued on page 70*)

CHARLES HOWARD: "Flat fawn-grey walls with curtains in a sheer material of exactly the same shade. Close-fitting carpet in ripe corn yellow, sofa in greengage-green ottoman *faille* and two chairs in pale Oriental yellow cotton damask. Touches of sealing wax red and gold introduced into the cushions and pictures. Plain crystal or gilt table lamps with pleated oyster-white shades"

The irregularities of a lofty attic sitting-room are corrected by the use of a one-tone background of leaf green, a pretty foil for cyclamen painted furniture and accessory touches of yellow

Change is good for you. It is better than a tonic, so get some crayons and try out some of these attractive colour harmonies on paper before you choose your own spring tonic

by
MARJORIE
FIELD RHOADES

Candy stripes in candy pink—wallpaper, curtains and bed valances to match shed their tendency to dazzle through the steadying effect of a plain forest green carpet and severely tailored bedcovers. The second and third walls of the room are plain

Three Wheels—in its reconstructed shape—sits upon a rocky crag among the Braid Hills of Edinburgh and from its many windows commands a splendid vista of the Midlothian countryside and the Firth of Forth

The verandah (below) with its projecting bay traverses the whole front of the house, which is entered at the west corner and approached by a long flight of steps through a natural rock garden

A bedroom glimpsed from the lounge

The dining alcove at one end of the living-room is lit by its own long window

THE THREE WHEELS

How a timber hill house near Edinburgh, fallen into decay, was reclaimed and made into a charming contemporary home

FIVE years of exile in Kenya brought Doctor and Mrs. Waterstone back to this country in need of a house. A little timber dwelling with a spectacular view over the Braid Hills seemed to have possibilities—and certainly a situation that filled their need for wide open spaces. They took the house, but alas when they got to work on modernizing it, dry rot was discovered to have done irreparable damage.

It was too late to turn back. Anyway, the house still had possibilities, so the doctor and his wife set about a reconstruction which resulted in an almost new house. Little of the old structure remains, but Three Wheels—the house gets its name from the attractive front gate that incorporates three cart wheels—retains something of the original.

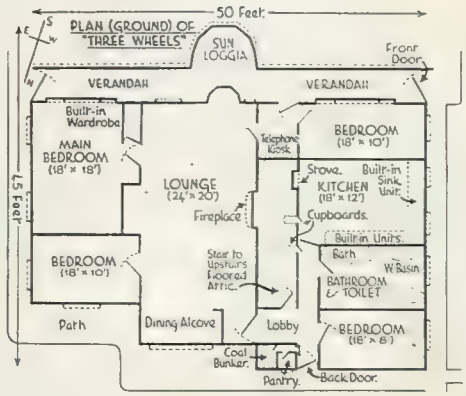
Though dry rot had damaged the original timber walls beyond hope, the roof was in good repair so it was decided to raise it on tubular scaffolding, remove the damaged walls to the foundations and replace them with brick.

This complicated operation was carried out with obvious privations to the owners who continued to live in it while the work was in progress, but at last Three Wheels was completed and one of the most interesting houses in Edinburgh took shape.

★ ★ ★

In Kenya Doctor and Mrs. Waterstone had grown accustomed to a bungalow home, so their new house was designed on the one-storey plan with light as the important feature. In fact, a sweep of glass across the front of the house lays open the glorious view to the verandah sun-lounge and to some extent to the rooms which give access to it from the house.

The long lounge intersects the house from front to back with a dining alcove at one end of it. This, with its window spreading across the whole width is light and sunny and commands its own view. A light and colourful interior was Mrs. Waterstone's aim inside the house, which is why she chose furniture mainly of bleached wood and upholstery fabrics in clear vivid colours which reflect light and enhance the sunny character of the rooms.



The living-room with windows overlooking the verandah

The HAND-IN-GLOVE

By SYBIL BURR

It was a kiss which Sabina could not possibly have described as ordinary—it seemed to light the last blind corners of her heart

"SABINA'S a lovely creature," Nana Pantony observed.

"When she's happy," Danny said.

Nana lowered the tray of drinks to the top of the grand piano. "No illusions, Mr. Klingel?"

Danny went on playing. Under one tip-tilted eyebrow, he glanced at Sabina, an elfin wisp in white nylon, "No illusions," he said. Nana's wise old eyes slid from Sabina's face to Sabina's hand. With the boyish charm that drew maternal tears from his fans, Oliver Service was making love to Sabina's fingers.

"It's time Oliver gave up thinking he's the answer to a maiden's prayer," Nana commented. Danny tinkled his fingers along the keys. "What sort of fellow is he . . . when he's not receiving the homage of his matronly admirers?"

Nana pushed back a wisp of grey hair. "The leading man in *Penny Princess* is particular about the parties he goes to, Mr. Klingel. Especially when someone else is the centre of attraction. Like tonight." Danny lowered his eyebrow. "Success is like dry rot," he said. "You don't know what it's done until it's too late."

Nana studied the strange young man with the red hair and the amiable india-rubber face. "Aren't you glad about Sabina?" she said curiously. "It isn't every day an understudy steps into the lead of a musical like *Penny Princess*. Or into the shoes of a popular star like Eve Howitt. I told poor Eve she shouldn't drive that car herself. She's always nervy when she's playing. A star like Eve's got a duty to her public, Mr. Klingel."

"Too true, O wise one," Danny said. "And you can call me Danny. I, too, was born in a costume basket." He waved away the martini in Nana's hand. "Not when I'm at the wheel, thanks."

"You've been at the wheel for hours," Nana grumbled. "Time you thought of yourself a bit. Nobody's listening."

Danny slid into swing. "It makes a good background for Sabina." Nana eyed him. "She hasn't even noticed you."

"She knows when I'm not here," Danny said. "Hang on to the drinks!"

Nana grabbed the tray as the swarm of men and girls round Sabina parted. On a wave of breathless laughter, Sabina flew towards the kitchen. "Danny has made some sandwiches," she called, "for my supper after the show. We'll have to draw lots. There's only enough for one."

The chattering crowd swept past the piano. Vera Somers edged her arm through Oliver's. "Danny ought to have rushed back and made himself useful," she laughed. "He only stands around propping up Sabina's dressing-room."

Sabina's eyes cooled to frosty green as she noted Vera's liberty with Oliver's arm. She began dragging at his hand. Oliver smiled benignly, with dignified charm, he allowed himself to be dragged.

"Mixing the breed tonight, isn't he?" Nana sniffed. "Slumming with understudies."

Danny's eyebrow twitched. "I hope he doesn't mind corned beef."

"Sabina's a goose," Nana said grimly. "Oliver keeps his happy endings behind the footlights. Still, it won't be the first heart he's broken." She glanced at Danny's suddenly expressionless face. "How long have you been her pianist?"

"Four years," Danny said. "We met in Ye Olde Copper Kettle. I was churning dreary operatic gems out of an upright. Sabina came in one morning and started crying into a cup of coffee. It turned out she'd been with the show on the pier. They'd sacked her. A wobble on top C, and no glamour. She was only seventeen. The wobble's improving but her glamour quotient's still low." He paused. "The Copper Kettle was our first job together. 'Bless This House' and all that stuff. Went down fine with the cosy afternoon customers."

Nana watched the long easy fingers that seemed to play by themselves. "Sabina won't need a pianist any more," she said. "Not with a whole orchestra to herself. Why don't you launch out on your own, Mr. Klingel? Instead of just hanging round the theatre? I haven't been a dresser for thirty years for nothing. I can spot talent a mile off."

(*Continued on page* 34)

calypso

Illustrations
by
RAY WARD

"Isn't my dress lovely? Someone must say nice things to me," Sabina demanded

Danny shrugged. "Pianists are two a penny. One day Sabina's voice will be worth a million fellows strumming on pianos."

"You don't want to hide behind her success," Nana protested.

Danny studied the polished top of the grand. "Sabina's like a swing. Up in the clouds or dragging in the mud. Ever seen her in a baby mood? Needs a parent, not a pianist. Someone's got to be around to brush off the dust and keep her from grabbing the nearest gun."

"Rubbish," Nana said briskly. "She doesn't need you to prop her up. She's climbed a long way from the Copper Kettle." Nana's eyes twinkled. "She's done better for herself than you have, Mr. Klingel. You're still only a pianist."

Danny glanced up good-humouredly. "O.K. Sabina's got one foot on the top. Ladders have a habit of wobbling like top Cs. It's nice to think there's someone standing below to break your fall."

NANA stared at him. "She's not going to fall!"

Danny's eyes widened. "Who said she was? Hang on to that tray. The wolves are returning." He began to play, and chanted in a chocolate baritone.

"I'm King Canute in an evening suit
But the water won't do what it oughter."

Sabina burst out laughing. Then she grimaced. "Don't remind me. You wrote that for Watling Revels. Doesn't it sound corny?" She turned to Oliver, "Isn't my dress a dream? Wasn't it sweet of Sam Gluck to let me wear it off-stage just for tonight? Oliver, isn't my dress lovely? Someone must say nice things to me, quick."

Oliver Service leaned his long body against the piano. Lazily he ran his hand over her arm. "You're a fairy straight from the fairy-books. Penny Princesses should have fairy-books."

Sabina pointed a finger. "Over there. Lots. I read them all when I started understudying poor Eve. Danny said I must. He said I had to get into the skin of the part. I'm glad I did, too." She sparkled down at Oliver. "Because if a man wants to marry me, I know what he has to do first."

"Sabina," Danny said.

"He must jump over the sea in one leap, climb a glass mountain and bring me back a priceless ring," Sabina said breathlessly.

"You'd be worth finding a glass mountain for," Oliver whispered against her ear.

"Sabina," Danny said again.

Sabina ignored him. "I'm gasping," she said. "Nana darling, push the drinks over."

Danny went on playing softly, his eyes on the keys. "There's water in the tap, Sabina."

Sabina pressed her arms through Oliver's. "Danny says I'm on the wagon. Into the kitchen, everybody, and watch me drink water." She turned at the door. "Death's-head," she called towards the piano. Danny blew her an absent kiss.

Vera Somers peered into the ice box. "Why do you let him boss you about?" she said.

Sabina seized a knife and dug out an ice cube. "Poor Danny. I don't mind if it makes him happy."

"Why poor Danny?" Vera inquired, floating back into the big room.

"He relies on me so, you see," Sabina said to Oliver. "And he really has been a pet. He can't help not being a success, can he?"

Oliver smiled. "Kindness to dumb animals is one of your most endearing qualities, my poppet."

Sabina stared at the floor. "He's not dumb exactly. He only talks when it's something worth saying. The trouble is he just doesn't know when he's licked. That's what's so hard. Getting rid of him without hurting his feelings." She raised her head hopefully. "Perhaps he'll get married. No, he won't. I just can't see Danny married."

"I gather he's a man," Oliver said.

Sabina dropped the ice cube into her glass. "Yes, I suppose so. I'm so used to him." She frowned thoughtfully. "Danny's . . . well, he's just Danny."

Oliver brushed his lips lightly against her bare shoulder. "Don't let's worry our heads over Danny Klingel. Let's go out and have supper. Just the two of us. Can do?"

"Can do," Sabina whispered. She picked up her glass and ran into the big room. "I'm going out to supper with Oliver. When we get back, we'll keep the party going until the press notices come out in the morning."

Danny stopped playing. He folded his arms. "We won't. It's midnight. The witching hour and all that. Work tomorrow. It's bed, Sabina."

Sabina flushed. She stood quite still. "I won't go to bed. You want to spoil everything. It's my night. You're just jealous. Because I've left you behind."

The room was suddenly silent. Sabina bit her lip, staring across at Danny's cool amused eyes.

"Let's go," Oliver's voice said.

Sabina caught up a billow of nylon. "Yes. Let's go. Let's go, everyone." She turned at the door, her eyes sparkled angrily, "I'm a star," Sabina said. "I'm not taking lessons any more, Danny Klingel."

Danny got up from the piano and strolled towards her. "One twinkle doesn't make a star," he remarked. His mobile eyebrow lifted mockingly. "Be nice to the people on the way up, dear. You may meet them coming down."

Sabina lifted her hand, caught his cheek a sharp blow and slammed the door.

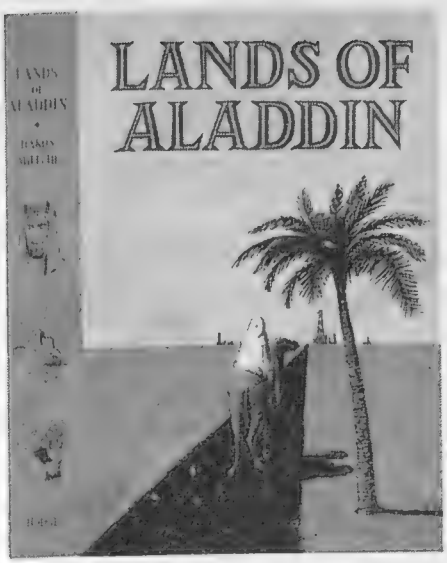
"I'll make some coffee," Nana said.

When Sabina finally crept back, Danny was still playing, accompanied by the soft tinkle of Nana (*Continued on page 66*)

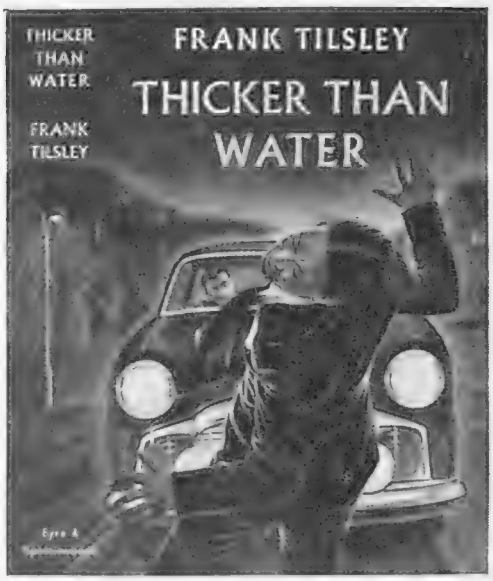
Vera laughed. "Too bad. Haven't you ever had a man walk out on you before?"

FEBRUARY READING

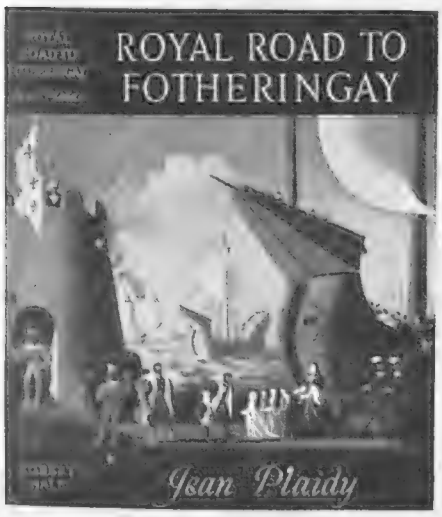
by TREVOR ALLEN



Strange facts and rich anecdotes of life and people in Kuwait and the Persian oil country are expertly told by the world wanderer, Hakon Mielche, in **"Lands Of Aladdin."** Illustrated with amusing drawings and photographs



The peace and happiness of a family is shattered when the son is accused of murder. Frank Tilsley vividly portrays in **"Thicker Than Water"** the added anguish the family undergoes as their life is made public to the world



No matter how often it is told, the life of Mary Queen of Scots holds a fascination. **"Royal Road To Fotheringay,"** by Jean Plaidy, is no exception

ROYAL COUTURIER

THERE can be few women uninterested in the remarkable career of Norman Hartnell, M.V.O., who started in rooms over a Bruton Street tailor's shop and achieved the honour of designing the Queen's wedding dress and Coronation robes, and creating day and evening clothes for members of the Royal Family. His autobiography—"Silver And Gold" (Evans, 30s.)—has the elegance of his creations: a six-colour jacket painted by him, fourteen full-colour plates, sixteen pages of his sketches and photographs. His behind-the-scenes story glitters with Royal occasions, famous names, and is lightened by humour.

WE always warm to a book that stirs an echo in our own life. Reading Bernard Grun's **"Prince Of Vienna"** (W. H. Allen, 18s.), I see a young soldier of long ago trudging out of trenches to be enchanted by the music and romance of *The Chocolate Soldier* in the divisional theatre behind our Balkan front. Derek Oldham played the hero, and sometimes Nadina, singing soprano-falsetto like other female impersonators in the cast. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, made vivid again by this colourful biography of Oscar Strauss, who composed *The Waltz Dream* at eighty and the music for the film *La Ronde*. Lives of popular composers, especially Viennese, invariably have a yesteryear fragrance. This one, with its period photographs and melody scores, is redolent of a lost age when elegance promenaded the Prater and the Emperor Franz Joseph graced Bad Ischl.

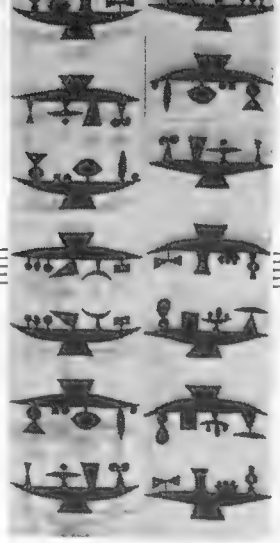
Sir Compton Mackenzie seems to have been dedicated to music before letters. As a boy he was "put" to the piano, but managed to combine five-finger exercises with reading *Huckleberry Finn*, without faltering over the sharps. He also had his fill of glee-singing and dancing under a master who would bang with his fiddle bow on the head of any boy who was hesitant. The net result was that for many years music bored him. "To be in a room and hear somebody invited to play something filled me with dejection." But he emerged from this to love music with passion, and to found, in 1923, *The Gramophone*, run by himself, his wife and his brother-in-law, Christopher Stone. **"My Record Of Music"** (Hutchinson, 25s.) invokes his life's enthusiasm with a reminiscent ardour that will commend the book to others besides music-lovers, for music is in his style, too.

Music — at Covent Garden and Glyndebourne—has its due place in Louis T. Stanley's **"The London Season"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), which also covers Henley, Ascot, the Derby, Cowes, Lord's, Royal Academy, Royal Courts and all the other glittering events. He doesn't go deep: he might have given us more facts about some; but what he does give us is picturesque and urbane. With Alan Crisp's festive drawings and Alfred Noyes's preface, this should make an ideal gift book, especially for anyone overseas to whom the Season is a far-off heaven.

Hakon Mielche is a world-wanderer who writes well and enlivens his margins with amusing thumb-nail drawings. **"Lands Of Aladdin"** (Hodge, 15s.), translated from the Danish by M. A. Michael, also has his own fine colour photographs of Kuwait and the Persian oil country, which he describes with strange fact and humour. Kuwait, I gather, is not as honest a place today as when a dhow arrived from Bombay, not many years ago, with two gold bars for a merchant, and the ship's boy, finding no one at home, left them on the top front step. Returning an hour later, the merchant weighed them, decided they were too heavy to be intended for him, and took them to another merchant down the street, who was expecting them. Mr. Mielche is interested in everything and everyone, from Bedouin to oil men and their teeming industry.

Great days they were when Capt. Samuel Wallis, in the Dolphin, first discovered Tahiti in 1767, and his sailors discovered that they could get food—and even the food of love from dusky maids—for old nails prised from the ship's timbers. Newton A. Rowe, who has lived there, elaborates the whole adventurous story from Wallis's records and his own wide knowledge in **"Voyage To The Amorous Islands"** (Deutsch, 21s.), (*Continued on page 71*)

The Orient comes



Are we in for a reaction from streamlined contemporary furniture? Straws in the wind suggest that we are—and that the British home of the near future will take its cue from the East

EVEN before Josephine slept in a bed canopied like a general's tent, wars had influenced women's homes and the clothes they wore. Napoleon's exploits were followed equally keenly by military and fashion leaders in France, and the style of his wife's latest gown usually told the eighteenth century Parisian in which country his little emperor had recently been campaigning.

For the past two years, American shops have been full of lacquer trays, papier mâché bowls, and Oriental furnishings, and the prevailing fashion wind has been blowing directly from the East. Troops returning from the Pacific have brought back souvenirs for their womenfolk, and an interest in Oriental designs for clothes and furnishings has been stimulated in this way. Because ours is a democratic age, not only the high government circles have felt the influence: the popular-price chain store offers cheaper versions of the same goods.

This trend can now be seen clearly in British shops. Only a year ago there were just a handful of furnishing fabrics produced by far-sighted firms, and few people realized that the coffee tables with tops which scarcely cleared the floor, were inspired by those of Japan at which the tea-drinker sat on a cushion instead of a chair.

Gradually more and more home furnishings have come under the Eastern influence. Because they have been adapted to blend in with existing furnishings, they have the same place in contemporary homes as exotic Eastern fabrics and "Chinese Chippendale" furniture had in those of the eighteenth century.

European interest in Eastern design was heightened by the Swedish exhibition last summer, when visitors thronged the Japanese model flat which contrasted old and new styles from that country. This flat has since been reproduced in the Modern Interiors department at Woollands of Knightsbridge, where already early signs of the Oriental trend are showing in low stools covered with shantung.

LAST year's most popular colour for contemporary curtains and chair-covers was peacock blue. This year the choice will lie between tangerine, jade, and mixtures of Siamese pink and gold. In contemporary fabrics it is colour rather than pattern which shows the Eastern influence. One of the few prints introduced is the Rosebank "Bamboo," a naturalistic design in strong colours on a white ground, while among Old Glamis fabrics there are two deep pinks overlaid with rich gold.

Floor coverings are usually slower in following a new trend. Production is planned so far ahead that reactions to fashion changes are slowed down. But there is an interesting range of "Geisha" Axminster rugs, with designs based on Japanese script. These traditional patterns have been adapted to harmonize with contemporary settings.

Lighting fittings probably show the Eastern influence most strongly. First came the coolie shades, often carried out in wickerwork, and now there are glass and plastic shades which resemble lanterns and pumpkins. The latter type are of "Chrysaline," a special plastic material sprayed over a wire frame, giving a clear, softly diffused light.

People attracted to these furnishings by their contrast to the Scandinavian styles which have been popular since the war, have already found that the two live happily together.

In the same way an eighteenth century drawing-room, can choose from a number of exquisite curtain designs which are entirely in keeping with the furniture of that period.

Two of the first traditional Eastern fabrics seen for some time were brought out by Sandersons, who created designs of bamboo lattice, lotus flowers and dragons on backgrounds of white and black glazed chintz. Heavy rayon brocades with pagodas and Oriental sailing vessels were created by Veronique who gave these rich gold, black and red fabrics, names like "Osaka" and "Peking."

The latest range of curtains to show this influence is one of screen-printed Everglaze chintzes, for which Warners commissioned American artists to produce designs. Y-chun Wang's "Birds of the Fields" is a delicate picture of song-birds among reeds, in the true Chinese tradition, and Rasmussen's "Fantasie Chinoise" a romantic treatment of white peacocks amidst flowering almond trees. Colours are the subtle tones of brown, blue and pink seen in Chinese embroidery.

MORE lovely fabrics can be expected, because textile designers are at present excited over the discovery of a pattern book containing more than two hundred engravings. Exotic furnishing fabrics of the eighteenth century were based on these. This book, accidentally discovered by one of the keepers of the Victoria and Albert Museum, contains many of the scenic designs of Chinese figures, exotic plants and houses, which graced English homes nearly two hundred years ago.

If you live with traditional rooms you are luckier than your contemporary-minded friends, because there is a wide choice of traditional Oriental rugs. Among these are Chinese designs, with stylized floral borders and centre motifs, against grounds of lacquer-red and jade-green.

Expensive but lovely is the new hand-made furniture in the Oriental tradition. One of the first lacquer cabinets to be seen here since prewar days was shown at Hamptons of Bond Street at the beginning of the year. The makers of this piece were at the same time working on an Oriental fan-fold screen, and had previously produced a lacquer wall panel designed in red lacquer, matching the tomato-coloured leather used for chairs in a contemporary dining set. Little shelves flanking the panel were shaped to take indoor plants.

Few homes are either completely contemporary or entirely traditional, and another manufacturer had this in mind when he created an Oriental-style table which could take its place in either. The top of this table is glass and underneath this sheet fabric is stretched. The glass is framed in black, outlined with gold wire. Matching fabric encases the legs, and here it is protected by a tube of colourless, transparent plastic.

Another piece of furniture which bridges the gap between modern and traditional style is a comfortable fireside chair, with the short decorative legs and wide seat inspired by "Chinese Chippendale."

The Orient crops up again in two other aspects of home furnishing: the pictures on (*Continued on page 56*)

West

by

MARGARET

BOWIE

At the Helsingborg Exhibition of last summer, visitors thronged the Japanese exhibit in which two rooms contrasted traditional and modern furnishing from that country. Both rooms are seen here—the traditional on the left—and it is noticeable that the modern furniture, above, has much in common with the popular Swedish contemporary design

Janet Darby suggests

recipes for—

SMALL-SCALE ENTERTAINING

Hostess sense, like fashion sense, is based on good taste, intelligent shopping, more than on wild spending. Below are six rules for a good party

1. Choose original food—it can still be simple—and treat the accompanying drinks as an integrated factor.
2. Try out the dishes before the day. No last-minute experiments.
3. Avoid the dishes that overtax your resources in time and apparatus so that you can appear unflustered when the guests arrive.
4. Shop well before the day so that there are no last-minute failures to produce that last important ingredient.
5. Never "make do" with substitute ingredients. If the recipe says "add cream" add cream, or change the dish.
6. Give presentation of the food and drinks equal importance with the preparation. The look sets the tone for the taste to follow.

Tea-time and After

NOWADAYS, when time, money and domestic help is so limited entertaining needs more careful planning than ever before. But the trick is to do it in such a way that the planning doesn't show. You want to appear as carefree as any of your guests. You want to serve them with memorable food, and yet you certainly don't want to rush into the kitchen at frequent intervals, to peer anxiously into ovens, to stir innumerable pots. Well, the informal party should be the party for you.

Personally I like the kind of party that just grows, like Topsy. "Nothing formal; just a few friends!" you say airily. Tea and chat; a very pleasant, relaxing sort of "do." As a good hostess you see to it that the chat is entertaining enough to let the hours flow past, and in due course they flow into evening. Nothing more natural than to suggest that your friends stay to supper—a little music, perhaps some dancing. . . . And with all your preparations made well in advance you can sit back with your friends and enjoy the good food and the good company. With perhaps the background thought that your stock as a good cook and hostess stands even higher.

St. Valentine's day provides the perfect excuse for such a party. For tea, little cakes, sandwiches, and of course *the* cake, baked in a heart-shaped tin, iced in sentimental pink, and decorated with roses made of glacé cherries and mimosa balls. Even more sentimental, you may tie a satin ribbon round it, with a bow in the dimple of the heart.

★ ★ ★

AS a variation on the sandwiches which I suggested in my December article, try egg and sardine sandwiches, made by creaming together equal quantities of hard-boiled egg yolk and sardines, seasoning with salt, pepper and mustard and adding lemon juice to make a creamy paste. Spread brown bread with mayonnaise, and then with the sardine-egg mixture. Or cooked mushrooms, chopped, mixed with grated cheese, and blended with mayonnaise to make a spread for white bread. You will find, on page 41 the recipes for Yorkshire cheesecakes, butterscotch squares, and on the right for Valentine cake.

For supper, if you want to be really informal, you could indulge your friends with cole slaw to begin with, following with *cheese fondu*, which involves sitting around a large bowl and dunking pieces of toast in the delicious mixture. It's a sticky business, but oh! so nice. This is a slightly richer variation of paprika rarebit for which the recipe is given overleaf. And if you followed this with an orange and almond gateau you would certainly have maintained your reputation as a good and original cook.

But you may prefer the *chou rouge Landais* which comes to the table piping hot, and cooks very slowly, and almost without attention, for four hours (which means that it goes into the oven before tea for supper at eight). Follow this distinctly substantial dish with pineapple sherbet, and wait for the applause! Lots of freshly made coffee, of course, and wine. And be sure to have around plenty of little dishes with bits in them—gherkins, olives, crisps. Nothing is so great an incentive to informality as the opportunity to nibble!

A CAKE FOR ST. VALENTINE

2 oz. caster sugar
2 oz. margarine
2 oz. flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
Apricot jam
1 oz. ground rice
½ oz. ground almonds
1 whole egg and 1 yolk
Few drops almond essence
Almond paste

Cream sugar and fat, add the egg yolk and beat well. Add the whole egg and beat again. Stir in ground almonds, sift the flour, ground rice and baking powder together, stir lightly, add a little milk to soften. Add essence last. Grease and flour a heart-shaped tin, turn the mixture into it. Bake at 400 deg. F. or at Regulo 6 for about 20 minutes. Cool and split in half when cold. Spread each with apricot jam, and one with almond paste. Sandwich together. Make the icing with 4 ounces of sieved icing sugar, half an egg white, lightly beaten, a little water, one drop of glycerine, and cochineal to colour. Spread icing over the cake, decorate when just set. Mimosa balls, glacé cherries, and angelica (for the leaves) are obtainable at any good grocer.

PAPRIKA RAREBIT. In a double saucepan blend 1½ teaspoons of Worcester sauce with ½ teaspoon of dry mustard, ½ teaspoon of paprika and a dash of cayenne. Stir in one cup of milk and cook over boiling water until the milk is hot. Lower the heat and add 1 pound of Kraft sliced processed cheese. Cook over simmering water, stirring, until the cheese is melted and smooth. Sprinkle with paprika, serve hot with toasted muffins or buttered toast. Serves 4.

HAMBURGERS AND PAPRIKA CHEESE PATTIES are served as a two-decker snack. For the hamburgers mix 1½ lb. of minced beef with 1½ teaspoons of salt and pepper to taste. Bind with an egg. Shape into ovals and grill about three minutes on each side. Top each with strips of bacon and half a tomato and return to the grill for two minutes. To make the cheese patties, take six slices of French bread, toast lightly, cover with thin wedges of cheese, sprinkle with paprika and toast again until the cheese browns. Serve a hamburger on top of each cheese patty. Serves six.

Yorkshire Cheesecakes

Short or puff pastry
2 ozs. margarine
4 ozs. granulated sugar
½ lb. cottage cheese
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons currants
1 egg

Put the margarine and sugar together in a pan, and melt together, stirring. Remove from the heat, beat in the egg, stir in the baking powder, cheese, currants, and add a very little nutmeg. Line patty tins with the pastry, and put a good teaspoonful of the mixture into each. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes, or until the cakes are golden brown on top.

Butterscotch Squares

2 ozs. melted butter
1 teacup brown sugar
1 teacup sifted flour
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup desiccated coconut
½ cup chopped dates
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ cup milk
1 egg

Mix the melted butter and sugar together. Mix the flour with the baking powder and add, then, the nuts, coconut and dates. Beat in the egg, and finally add the milk. Grease a Swiss roll tin and pour the mixture into it. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.; Regulo 3) for thirty minutes. Cool before cutting into squares.

Cole Slaw

Discard the outer leaves of a young cabbage, and shred the heart very finely. Slice a small Spanish onion finely, and add to the cabbage. Cover cabbage and onion with cold salted water, and leave for one hour. Then drain well —the cabbage should be dry. Optional—add strips of French garlic sausage, and dress the salad with mayonnaise or sugared vinegar.

Fondu

¼ pint of white wine or still cider
2 ozs. butter
6 eggs
1 clove garlic
½ lb. grated Cheddar or Gruyère cheese
pepper and salt

Chop the clove of garlic, add to the wine and cook in a saucepan till the liquid is reduced by half. Leave to cool. Beat the eggs with the cheese, butter and seasoning. Stir into the wine, adding, if you like, one cupful of soft breadcrumbs. Grease a Pyrex dish and pour the mixture into it. Stir over a low heat until it becomes creamy. Serve very hot.

Be sure to supply plenty of toast for dipping.

Orange and Almond Gâteau

Juice of 3 oranges, rind of 1 orange
4 ozs. ground almonds
2 ozs. breadcrumbs
4 ozs. sugar
4 eggs
pinch of salt
¼ pint cream

Mix breadcrumbs, orange juice and rind, almonds and (if liked) a tablespoon or so of Grand Marnier. Beat the yolks with the sugar and salt till light, and add to the mixture. Beat the egg whites till stiff and fold in. Butter a cake tin and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.; Regulo 4) for forty minutes. Turn out when cold and cover the top with the whipped cream.

Chou Rouge Landais

1 red cabbage
1 lb. cooking apples
1 lb. onions
1 clove garlic
1 red pimento
pinch each of mixed herbs, mace, ground cloves
2 Frankfurter sausages per person
¼ pint red cooking wine
2 tablespoons wine vinegar
4 tablespoons brown sugar

(*Continued on page 43*)

—But before you eat

IF you are serving sherry before the meal your guests will appreciate the new Gonzalez Byass Nectar. This is for palates that prefer a drier wine. Women who like their sherry a little sweeter will appreciate Phillips Bristol Milk. Now, if you intend to shake cocktails for your guests, here are some tried favourites.

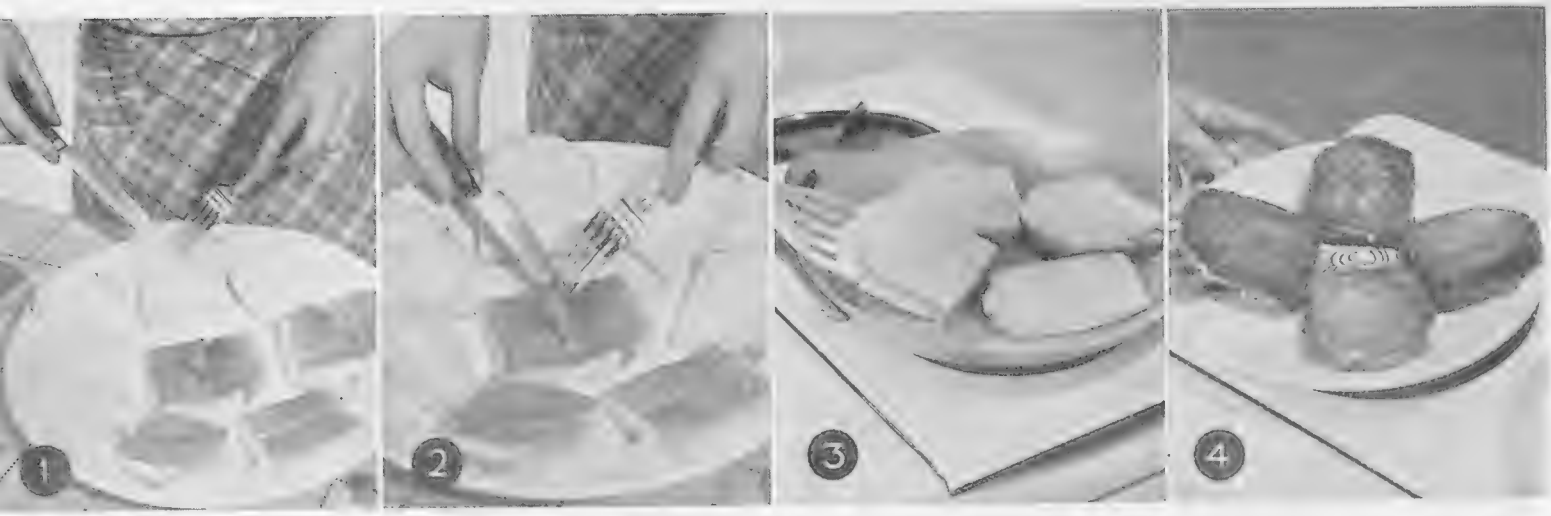
★ **Bronx.** Put some ice in a shaker. Add 1 tablespoon of orange juice to one-third gin, one-third French vermouth and one-third Italian vermouth. Shake and strain into glasses.

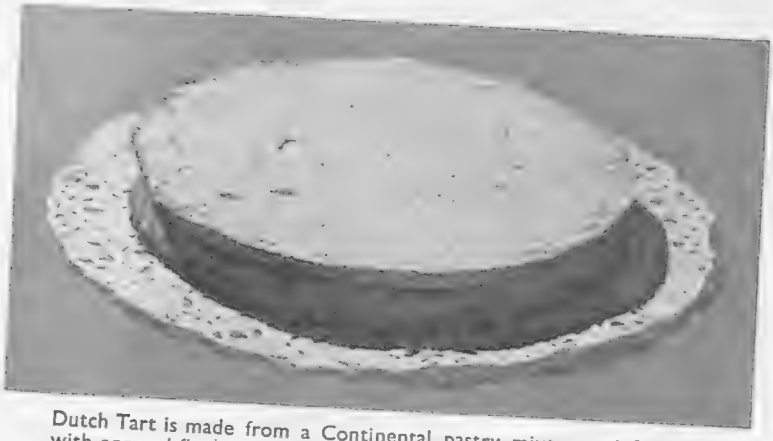
★ **Gimlet.** Use equal quantities of gin and lime juice cordial shaken with ice. Top up with soda.

★ **Manhattan.** A dash of Angostura bitters, one part rye whisky and one part Italian vermouth. Shake and serve with a cherry on a cocktail stick.

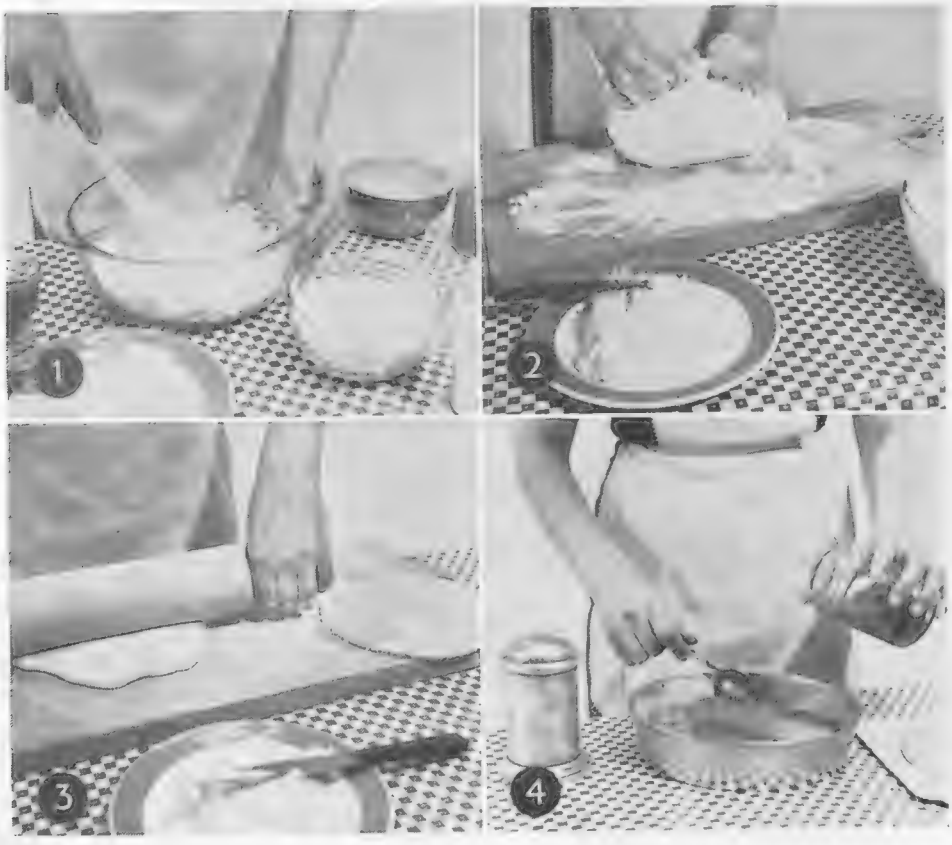
★ **White Lady.** Use a half proportion of gin to a quarter of cointreau and a quarter orange juice. Shake and strain into glasses.

Two supper dishes that can be made at short notice. The fried snacks can be completed in twenty minutes and the Dutch Tart in about half an hour





Dutch Tart is made from a Continental pastry mixture reinforced with egg and flavoured with rum. It is richer and more crumbly than English pastry. This is how it looks when baked and dusted with icing sugar. The four stages of mixing are pictured below



Croque-Monsieur

INGREDIENTS:

8 slices of bread, no more than ¼ in. thick. 4 small or 2 large slices of thin ham. 4½ oz. butter. 3½ oz. Gruyère. Salt and pepper.

UTENSILS:

1 frying-pan or heat-proof dish (preferable to pan); bread-board and knife.

METHOD:

1. (Time: 6 mins.) Cut bread into not too thick, even slices, and butter. Lay thin slices of Gruyère on buttered side of 4 slices.
2. (Time: 3 mins.) Lay slices of ham on buttered sides of remaining slices. Salt and pepper.
3. (Time: 8 mins) Heat butter in dish. Make sandwiches by placing ham and cheese slices together. Trim edges of bread. Butter outsides. Cook until golden brown on both sides.
4. (Time: 3 mins.) Drain, serve on hot plates. The bread should be crisp, and the cheese fondant.

Dutch Tart

INGREDIENTS:

9 oz. flour; 4½ oz. butter; 3½ oz. granulated sugar; 1 egg yolk; 1 dessertspoon rum; ½ jar apricot jam; 1 tablespoon icing sugar.

METHOD:

1. Make a dough by mixing flour, butter, sugar, egg yolk and rum in a bowl.
2. Knead dough well and leave in the lump for a few minutes. Lightly butter two sponge tins of equal size.
3. Roll out two circles of dough of equal diameter and between ¼ and ½ in. thick. Place in tins and put in moderate oven for 18-20 mins.
4. Let the two circles of pastry cool. Cover one with a thick layer of apricot jam, place the other circle on top and sprinkle with icing sugar.

(*Continued from page 41*)

Shred the cabbage, remove the stalk. Slice the apples and onions. Put cabbage, apples and onions in layers in a large casserole, interspersing with the herbs, spices, garlic and strips of pimento. Sprinkle each layer with sugar and salt. Add the wine and the vinegar. Cover and cook in a very slow oven for 3½ hours. Then add the sausages, stirring so that they are covered by the cabbage, and cook for another 20 minutes. Bring the casserole to the table, and serve hot.

Pineapple Sherbert

½ cup sugar
½ cup pineapple juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon emon juice
2 cups coffee cream or evaporated milk
2 whites of egg

Mix sugar, pineapple juice, lemon juice and rind. Stir till sugar dissolves. Add the milk or cream. Mix well, pour into refrigerator tray and freeze firm (about 2 hours). Put into an *iced* bowl and beat till creamy. Beat egg whites stiff and fold in. Return to refrigerator tray and freeze. It will be ready in 1½ hours, but can, of course, be kept longer.

And now some dishes which will cook without attention leaving you free, once the preparations are made, to do other things without dancing attendance on the stove. Another advantage is some further cooking than the recipes specify will not harm the food, so that if the start of the meal is delayed—how often it is when drinks and conversation run on—you need have no anxieties.

Pot Roast

3 to 5 lb. beef (chuck, silverside, or topside)
2 tablespoons flour
1 clove garlic
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons dripping
½ cup cooking wine (or water)
7 small, 1 large onion
1 head celery
6 carrots

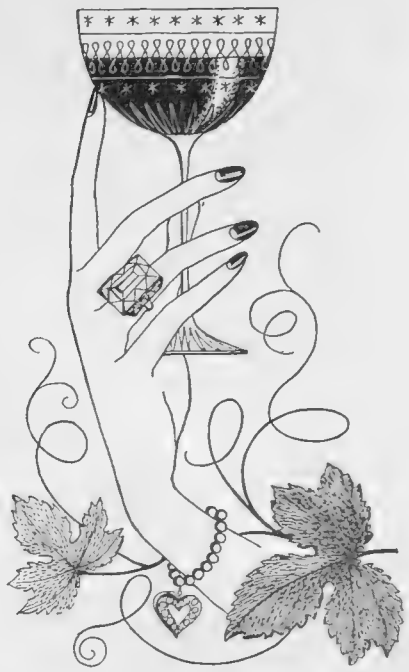
Rub the joint with the cut clove of garlic, then with flour, mixed with seasoning. Melt the dripping, in a large casserole, and brown the meat on all sides. Remove the meat. Slice the large onion and put with the wine or water in the casserole. Put a small rack into the casserole, and put the meat on it. Cover tightly, and cook in a very moderate oven (300 deg. F.; Regulo 1) 3 hours. Add the small onions, the carrots cut in halves and the celery cut into 3-in. lengths. Cover again, and cook for another 30 minutes. To serve, transfer the meat to a hot plate while you season and thicken the gravy. Return the meat to the casserole, and bring to the table. You may if you wish add potatoes as well as the other vegetables to cook for the last 30 minutes. 5 lb. of meat will serve 10 to 12 people.

Cassoulet

1 lb. haricot beans
3 onions
2 tablespoons tomato purée
½ lb. bacon
½ lb. any cooked meat
1 cup meat stock
1 breast of lamb, boned and cut into small pieces
¼ lb. garlic sausage
3 cloves garlic
1 glass red wine
salt and pepper

Soak the beans for 24 hours, then place in a large casserole, add the raw meat and all the other ingredients, except the cooked meat, the bacon and the garlic sausage. Cut these into cubes and put aside. Add the wine and stock to the cassoulet, and cook very slowly for five hours either in the oven or on top of the stove. Then add the cooked meat, bacon and sausage, and a little water if it seems to be dry, cover again, and cook for a further 30 minutes. Serve from the casserole. This is a simplified version of a classic French dish.

And now... the wine



By now the food problem is settled. There remains only the vital decision: "What shall we give them to drink?" Janet Darby gives these hints

ONE afternoon last June I saw a tramp sitting on the banks of the Seine. He was giving himself a party, and he was, I should say, completely at peace with himself and with the world. The sun poured down on him, his feast was spread on a newspaper at his side, the uppers of his shoes were parting from the soles, and I could see his toes wiggling with content. His feast? Bread, a large Spanish onion, and a bottle of vin ordinaire, which he drank from a tin mug. Whenever I think of parties that picture comes to my mind.

Now, I am not suggesting that you should invite your friends to a feast of Spanish onions, bread and wine, but I am saying that, however simple the meal, wine gives it substance and delight. In fact, any meal with wine *is* a party.

First, wine is an inexpensive addition to a meal. Second, it is actually good for you, physically and spiritually. It makes any food (and almost any company) a pleasure.

Possibly you raised your eyebrows when you read that I consider wine inexpensive. Let me prove it. One bottle of wine will serve four people at a cost of, say, ten shillings, which is practically the cost of beer for the same number. Good wine can be purchased for considerably less than ten shillings, but assuming that this relatively small amount is our ceiling price, would you not say that this is a small sum to pay for aesthetic pleasure, refreshment, and the cachet that wine will give to any meal? In the belief that we are in accord, I now propose to suggest a few wines appropriate to the dishes which I have dealt with earlier.

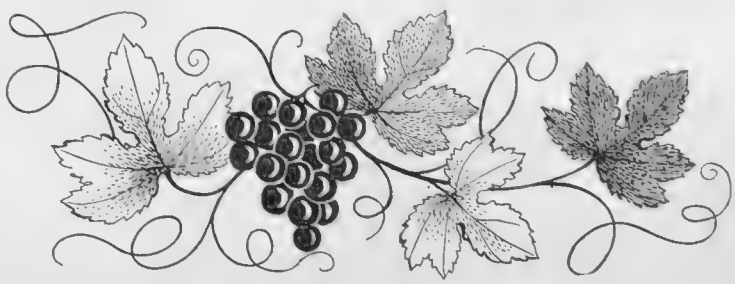
It is dangerous, I know, to generalize, for in the last resort your own taste should dictate your choice of wines, but as a general guide: champagne, hock or moselle go with anything. White burgundies are good with fish, and perfect with shellfish of any kind. White bordeaux is good, too, and generally cheaper. Vin rosé is an excellent companion for light meats or fish, and delicious chilled. Red burgundies go with game and heavy meats, and so do the red wines from the Rhône Valley. You can get a drinkable Côtes du Rhône or Châteauneuf-du-Pape for around 8s. 6d., and red Maçon or Beaujolais should be even cheaper. Nor need you despise the Spanish red wines of the burgundy type, such as Rioja. I have been buying a 1945 Villa Paceta at 8s. 6d. which compares very favourably with Burgundies at a much higher price. And if the Chilean red and white wines are available in your district, do try them; at 6s. a bottle they deserve your attention.

While white wines and vin rosé should be chilled before serving, it is disastrous to put ice into the wine. Put them into a cold larder for a couple of hours, or into a bucket with ice round them. Red wines should be drunk at room temperature. Don't plunge them into warm water or stand them too near a fire. And always open still wines half an hour before you intend to drink them, so that the bouquet has time and room to expand.

And now let us discuss the wines for your party. Champagne, which goes with anything, is I fear above our limit, but if you want to spend 11s. 6d. or 12s. you can get sparkling Languedoc, which will pretty well serve the same purpose, and—let me whisper it—will taste much the same to anyone but the epicure.

Any cheese dish will accompany a red wine, and for a fondu I suggest a claret rather than a burgundy. St. Emilion at 6s. 6d. or Medoc at 7s. 6d., any year between 1950 and 1952, will do very nicely.

(*Continued on page 60*)



Knit as you View . . .

Three easy-to-make jumpers especially designed for the woman who likes to watch TV while she knits. But for those of you who prefer speed, instructions are also given for machine knitting

1 Puritan Look. A three-quarter sleeved jumper knitted in 4-ply with white collar, cuffs and front facing in 2-ply wool. . . . Other combinations could be yellow and grey or pale blue and navy

MATERIALS.—9 (10, 10) oz. of Sirdar Majestic Wool, 4-ply and 2 (2, 2) oz. of Sirdar Majestic Wool, 2-ply in contrast colour; 1 pair each of Nos. 10, 11 and 12 knitting needles; 10 buttons and ½ yd. Vilene for inter-lining. **Measurements.:** To fit 34 to 35-in. bust size; length, 19½ ins. 36 to 37-in. bust size; length, 20 ins. 38 to 39-in. bust size; length, 20½ ins. Sleeve seam, all sizes, 13 ins. **Tension:** 4-ply wool, 7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. 2-ply wool, 9 sts. and 13 rows to 1 in. Machine to be set to give these tensions as appropriate.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; p., purl; inc., increase by working twice into 1 st.; dec., decrease by knitting 2 sts. tog.; tog., together; st(s)., stitch(es); st.-st., stocking-stitch which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately.

Note 1. *Where three alternative figures are given the first is for the 34 to 35-in. size, the second for the 36 to 37-in. size and the third for the 38 to 39-in. size.*

Note 2. Paragraphs headed **Hand Knitting** refer to hand knitting version only; those headed **Machine Knitting** refer to machine knitting only. **All other paragraphs apply to both versions.**

BACK

** **Hand knitting.** — With No. 11 needles and 4-ply wool.

Machine knitting.—Using a tension two sizes smaller than for body of work and with 4-ply wool.

Cast on 108 (116, 124) sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins.

Hand knitting.—Change to No. 9 needles and st.-st.

Machine knitting.—Change to main tension and st.-st.

Inc. each end of every following 12th row until 120 (128, 136) sts. Work a further 16 (18, 20) rows.

To Shape Armholes.—Cast off 7 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of next and every following alternate row until 98 (104, 112) sts. ** Continue until work measures 19½ (20, 20½) ins.

To Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 11 (11, 12) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 10 (12, 12) sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, then cast off remaining 34 (36, 40) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back from ** to **.

Hand knitting.—K. 44 (47, 51) turn and work on these sts. only.

Machine knitting.—Place 54 (57, 61) sts. on to a stitch-holder and work on remaining 44 (47, 51) only.

Continue until work measures 16½ (17, 17½) ins.

To Shape Neck.—Cast off 5 sts. at neck edge and continue to dec. at this edge until 32 (34, 36) sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 19½ (20, 20½) ins.

To Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 11 (11, 12) sts. at shoulder edge on next and following alternate row, cast off 10 (12, 12) on next alternate row.

(Continued on page 70)

2 Two from one pattern. *Right:* button version with short sleeves is in lilac with mauve edging. *Below:* buckle version with different neckline and long sleeves, in mauve with lilac edging

Illustrations by Elizabeth Suter

Photographs by John Cole

Our designs were knitted on a Matador machine by Paramount, who also make the Minitex and Texilia machines

MATERIALS : For the long-sleeved version 8 (9, 9) ounces of main colour and 1 ounce of contrast colour of Wakefield Greenwood's W.G. "Springtime" All Wool Super Botany Fingering 3-ply; 2 buckles. **For the short-sleeved version** 7 (8, 8) ounces of main colour and 1 ounce of contrast; 4 buttons. **For both versions** 1 pair each of Nos. 11, 12 and 13 needles. **For machine knitting only,** No. 12 needles.

Measurements : To fit 34, 35-in. bust size; length 21½ ins. 36, 37-in. bust size; length 22 ins. 38, 39-in. bust size, length 22½ ins. For all sizes; long sleeve seam, 18½ ins.; short sleeve, 4 ins. **Tension :** 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in. on No. 11 needles. Machine to be set to give this main tension.

Please see opposite page for **Abbreviations** and **Notes.**

BACK

** **Hand knitting.**—With No. 11 needles.

Machine knitting.—With machine set to main tension.

Cast on 126 (134, 142) sts. Work 30 rows in st.-st. ** Now dec. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until 114 (122, 130) sts. remain. Work 3 rows.

Hand knitting.—Change to No. 13 needles.

Machine knitting.—Change to tension 2 sizes smaller than for body of work.

Work 2 ins. in st.-st.

Hand knitting.—Change to No. 11 needles.

Machine knitting.—Change to main tension.

Inc. both ends of next and every 6th row following until there are 136 (144, 152) sts. Proceed straight until work measures 14½ ins.

To shape Armholes.—Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of every alternate row until 104 (112, 120) sts. remain. Proceed straight until work measures 21½ (22, 22½) ins.

To shape Shoulders

For machine knitting it is suggested that the remaining sts. are transferred to No. 11 knitting needles and worked by hand.

1st row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12), k. 20 (22, 24), * k. 2, k. 2 tog. * 11 (11, 12) times, k. 30 (35, 36).

2nd row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12), p. 20 (22, 24), moss st. to last 20 (22, 24), p. 20 (22, 24).

3rd row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12), k. 10 (11, 12) moss st. to last 20 (22, 24), k. 20 (22, 24).

4th row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12), p. 10 (11, 12) moss st. to last 10 (11, 12), p. 10 (11, 12).

(Continued on page 72)

Britannia and Eve's

VOGUE

PATTERN SERVICE

Made for each other

Dresses and Jackets to mix and match

WE want to draw your attention to the growing importance of the newest kind of separates : the slim dress worn with a matching jacket or companion coat. These two-way designs can lead a double life in your wardrobe. Co-ordinate the separates by using the same fabric or colour ; sometimes by using both. If you choose colour to link the dress and jacket, then use two contrasting fabrics : imagine wool jersey and corduroy in matching sienna-red. And remember, there are endless possibilities of contrasting texture and weave in colour-linked fabrics. Alternatively, you 'll choose the same fabric for sheath and coat, but play painter with your colours : perhaps a dress of olive-green worsted sharpened by the addition of a worsted jacket in Prussian blue. We 've chosen four pages of Vogue Patterns to start you planning clothes to mix and match. All the dresses and jackets we show lead lives of their own—but they never forget they 're made for each other.

846

One pattern, designed in triplicate, to be worn throughout the four seasons. Our slim dress boasts two cover-up coats. The first we show here, worn over the straight-skirted dress to counterfeit a casual suit. The scarcely-fitted jacket buttons below a wide, soft collar, has three-quarter sleeves, Throughout, our fabric is marble-mottled tweed in blue and grey. Vogue Couturier Pattern 846

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information, see overleaf

846

You remove the jacket to reveal the slim dress—a transformation with parties in mind. The dress is a shaft of blue and grey ornamented by a tiny peplum below the waist. The wrist-length gloves and the clutch purse are pearl-tinted. To keep the slim shape of the sheath you will be well advised to line it in taffeta. Vogue Couturier Pattern 846

846

The way you 'll look for winter, wearing the slim dress warmly concealed. The wide collar of the waist-length jacket (the jacket we showed in our first photograph) folds over the straight collarless coat, which is pictured above. This longer coat gives yet another silhouette—the tunic line. Vogue Couturier Pattern 846; price 8s. 6d.; sizes 30-36

S-4631

continuing . . .

Confidence Trick

Fashion plays it in two parts

The two parts of S-4631 conspire to cheat the weather and deceive the eye. You will wear the narrow-sleeved, back-belted dress alone for warmer days, and add the middy-straight jacket to simulate a suit when there is a change in the weather. We made the sheath in nut-brown worsted, and used a matching overchecked fabric for the jacket. Vogue Pattern S-4631; 5s.; 30-38

This time the first part of our fashion trick, *above right*, is an under-coat dress, slim and collarless. It's a dress that's a brilliant understatement, ready for you to add your own overtones—think of carrying a sleek fur muff. This dress regards a straight coat—particularly the one we've sketched on the right—as a natural partner. Very Easy to Make Vogue Pattern 8720, 3s.; 30-38

Second part of this particular fashion trick is the Easy to Make coat we've chosen to top our slim dress. You might dispense with buttons and wrap the coat around you like a cocoon. Emphasize the tailored air of the long revers by using shepherd's check worsted—a hint of Edwardian dandyism modified by the plain dress. Easy to Make Vogue Pattern 8721, 3s. 6d.; 30-40

8720

8721

HOW TO ORDER

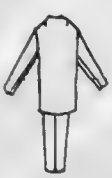
You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service. When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—i.e., 32 ins., 34 ins., 36 ins., etc.

**Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34-in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in. and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
846	8s. 6d.	46, 47	Dress, jacket, coat	5	54 in.
S-4631	5s.	48	Dress, jacket	3½	54 in.
8720	3s.	49	Dress	3	54 in.
8721	3s. 6d.	49	Coat	3¼	54 in.

846

846



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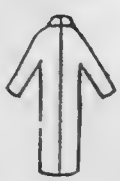
S-4631

S-4631

8720



8721

Chrysis will answer individual beauty problems: write to her c/o "B. & E.." Ingram House.

Time to Hide Your Face!

by Dr. JOHN EXMOUTH

SPRING is a time when the human volcano erupts and spring, you know, begins in February. It erupts its lava of irritating poisons, accumulated through a mismanaged winter and a too-sluggish metabolism.

When the sap rises, these poisons come out—and there is trouble. The trouble may show itself in the eyes (conjunctivitis), or in the nose (hay fever and catarrh) or in the lungs (bronchitis and asthma) or in the glands and ducts of other excretory organs; but most commonly of all it shows in the skin.

Urticaria ("nettle-rash") and eczemas of various types, to say nothing of pimples, spots and blemishes, are skin disturbances which flower lushly at this time of year.

Quite apart from the fact that you feel like hiding your face, you 'll be feeling under the weather. Now, skin treatments and other beauty preparations are effective but only if you also attend to the *inside*. I am all for beauty aids, in their proper place—but women are tempted to cover things up, and leave what 's beneath to take care of itself. This simply won't do, because your *real* complexion depends upon a number of conditions—upon the general health, the quality of the blood, the quality of the true skin, the disposition of its capillaries and its corresponding nerves.

Excessive amounts of perspiration, which bring out the poisons, or of sebaceous matter, render the surface of the skin unduly moist and oily. Contrariwise, an insufficient supply of these render it dry and hard to the touch.

There can be no healthy skin without healthy blood. If the blood is impoverished, the nutrition of the nervous system suffers, nervous force is depressed and the digestion falls short of the normal healthy functioning. Continued failure of digestion to assimilate food properly results in further impoverishment of blood, thus a vicious circle is established.

A sympathetic bond exists between the condition of the digestive system and the skin. Abuses of diet and improper digestion resulting therefrom will, if neglected, ruin the fairest of skins.

Things are not made any easier by the fact that there are more poisons to discharge at this time of year.

Not even the best skin preparations will save the skin from becoming dulled or spotted if the digestive system and other internal organs are not suitably cared for by diet and by regular exercise.

Free elimination is the first essential for a clear skin. You will be assisting this process of elimination by opening the pores (*Continued on page* 69)

195, Strand, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope

What's New?

DURING the bleak few months from Christmas to spring extra care and protection need to be lavished on your skin to help ward off two of its most dangerous enemies, wind and frost, which can do untold harm. Cracked lips, dry skin and an altogether "dried-up" look can all be avoided if a regular routine is adopted and followed closely.

AS a pick-me-up for a dull, tired skin, try Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Mask. Its effect is gently stimulating and it is recommended for all ages and all types of skin except the super-sensitive with broken veins. Price 34s. 6d. Revenescence Cream is a foundation which helps to restore the natural moisture to the skin and take away that "parched" look common amongst most English complexions. Price 24s. 6d., but only a very small amount is needed at a time.

TO keep your face safe from icy winds and to help tone up dry skins, Innoxa make Skin Balm which is very good for "windburn." Use as a night cream and, as an extra foil, put a very thin layer under your make-up. It comes in two sizes; small, 5s. 4d., large, 8s. 6d. White Mask is a face pack in cream form which helps to make the skin soft and luminous for before-the-party make-up. Just smooth it on your face, leave for a few minutes—it does not go hard—then gently wash off. Enough for six to eight treatments, 8s.

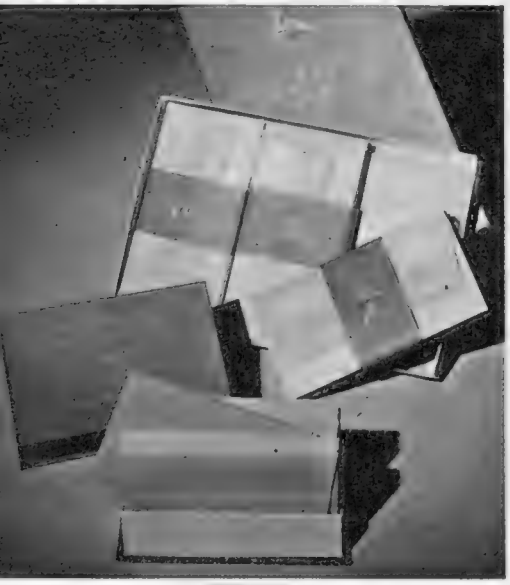
TO counteract a sallow skin that tends to be slightly oily, Helena Rubinstein have a Skin Clearing Cream; also a Bleaching Cream. The first comes in three sizes—5s. 9d. small; 9s. and 17s.—and the bleaching cream costs 9s. For rough or chapped skin, treat yourself to Vitamin Lanolin Formula, which contains Vitamin A. Used as a night cream, and also under make-up, it helps to nourish and feed the skin. Very beneficial for rough elbows, too. Price 10s. 6d. and 18s.

A NEW make-up does wonders for the morale. Max Factor have just launched Hi-Fi, an excitingly new fluid make-up for women of all ages. Hi-Fi was originally perfected for use with colour TV, which needs a make-up that looks completely natural before the camera-eye in any light. It comes in six individual shades, price 8s. 3d. To complement the fluid make-up—Hi-Fi Fluid Rouge, made in three shades, price 5s. 3d.

Personal . . .

Reminiscent of a Victorian wallpaper design, this cotton shirt blouse could complement either a country skirt or a town suit. It has an adaptable winged collar and the shallow kimono sleeves can be worn pushed up. In sizes 34 to 38, it is available in strawberry, blue, lime or turquoise. Price 39s. 6d. from Fenwicks, New Bond Street, London, W.1

Who could resist this ribbon-threaded Empire line nightie? Made in Candy Floss—a cotton that feels like silk and requires no ironing. Colours: blue, pink and white. To fit most figures, 39s. 6d. Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W.1. Waffle-Weave (*below*) is a simple way to embroider effective designs. Wool is woven under and over threads of a prepared fabric. There are four weaves, ten designs to choose from and a variety of articles to make. We show a complete cushion and the pack for making it, 19s. 3d. Needlewoman, Regent Street, W.1

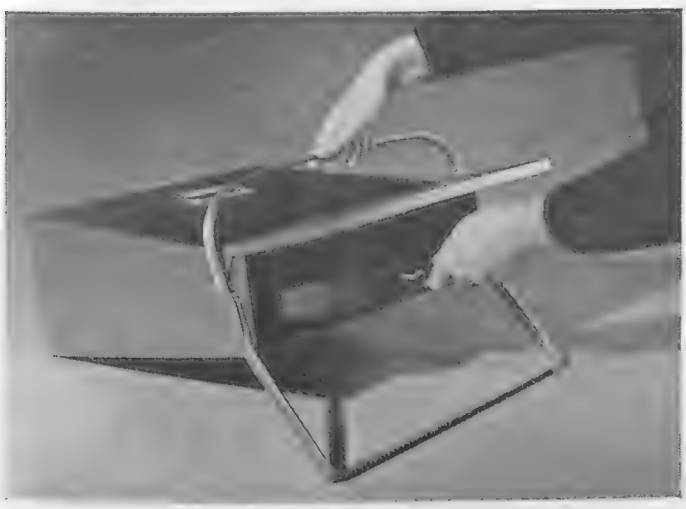


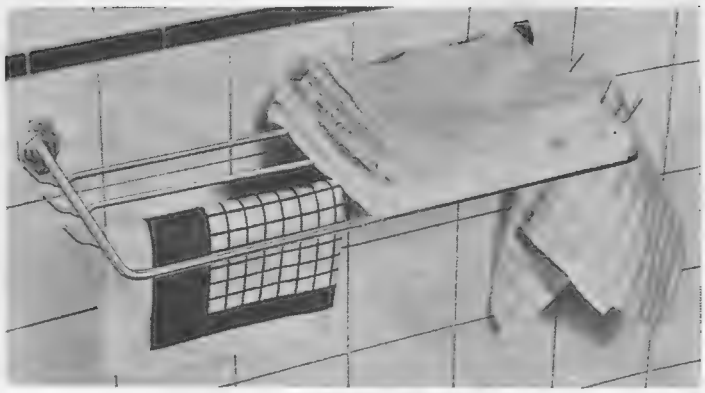
Most people think of massage as a luxury, but Ann Graham's Vibrette is a home beauty massage treatment that requires little time, money or energy. Three interchangeable heads—a sponge for the face, toothed for the scalp, and a cup for the arms and feet—are packed with the handy Vibrette in a handsome grey case. Price 3 gns., from Harrods, London, S.W.1. *Left:* Doeskin Deckle is an essentially feminine notepaper, and its soft quality makes for effortless writing. In three delicate shades: grey, green, blue; also white. A cabinet of Duchess notepaper with oblong envelopes costs 5s. 6d., but for the shorter letter the casket, with eighteen correspondence cards and matching envelopes, is ideal. Price 5s. 6d. From leading stationers. "Chris the Cress-hog" (*right*) will brighten your table. Obligingly, this lovable character grows cress as fast as you cut it. Seeds (provided) sprinkled on to his dampened terra-cotta back produce cress ready for cutting in about ten days. Price 12s. 6d., plus 1s. 3d. postage. Helen Andrew Armchair Shopping Service, 3, Melina Place, London, N.W.8

SHOPPING FOR YOU
by
MARGARET SHARP

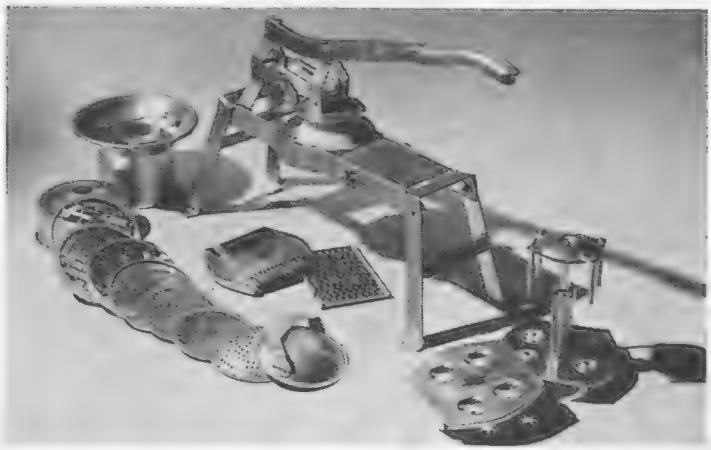
Kitchen

Collapsible wire-mesh container that washes and dries salads in one operation, 12s. 7d. You can fry, steam, grill or roast in the Beka 8 frying pan, *above*. The honeycombed base ensures even distribution of fat and heat With grill, 52s. 7d. Steam-tight lid, extra, 11s. 4d. Fortnum & Mason, London, W.1, and Bealson's of Bournemouth. *Right:* These cute birds will never let your pie-crust down. 9s. 3d. each, plus 9d. postage. Helen Andrew Armchair Shopping Service, 8 Melina Place, London, N.W.8. Ashes can be emptied with no dust or fumes into the "Trapa" ash bin (*below*), 43s. 6d., plus carriage, 3s. 6d. Army & Navy Stores, London, S.W.1





A handy accessory with all kinds of uses is this small and compact "Skyline" towel shelf and drying rack, 6s. 9d. Selfridges (Turnery Dept.), Oxford Street, London. *Below:* "The housewife's daily help"—this French Auto-Chef machine can grate, press, chip, shred, slice, mash and stone anything from potatoes to cherries by means of nine attachments. It is of heavily tinned finish that will not rust. The Auto-Chef is easily washed by dipping all attachments into hot water and leaving them to dry. It can be bought with five attachments for 55s. or complete with nine, 99s. 11d. Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, London, W.1



Worth knowing about . . .

BUSY hands will welcome the protection of Andy gloves. There are four types of household gloves to choose from, and prices range from 2s. 2d. to 4s. 11d. For gardening there is a pliable pair with a fleece lining. They are washable and will not harden, 5s. 6d. Invaluable for chapped or rough hands are the light, close-fitting sleeping gloves, 4s. 2d. From leading stores.

Keep your eggs in order with a two-tiered egg rack that dispenses the eggs in correct rotation. Fill the tiers from the back, and as one egg is taken away the next will roll into position. From the Army & Navy Stores, London, S.W.1, available in red or cream plastic. The rack holds 15 eggs and costs 9s. 6d., postage 1s. 4d.

Good news for home dressmakers—belt buckles can be covered in a matter of minutes and very easily with Dura-Bac buckles. The fabric is first mounted on a special adhesive stiffener (supplied), then fitted over the metal mould to give a neat, expert look. 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. each.

Cold weather Comfort

For an iced-up windscreen, wipe over with soap and a soft cloth

WITH a bumper year in car buying on the home market, this winter will see more and more untried, nervous winter drivers on the road, not to mention the ubiquitous contingent of weekend L-drivers.

How does one minimize these discomforts and dangers when driving in winter?

The first thing is to see that you have made use of all the modern amenities that make for cold weather comfort. Don't stint on a heater, whatever else you do, and learn to use it intelligently to avoid getting a cold. If it is a question of money (recuperating from Christmas!) then don't scorn a hot water bottle for passengers on a long trip. Next, check for draughts round doors and windows which can cause irritating chills and aches and pains. Spend a few shillings at the garage and have them fit felt or rubber draught-proofing.

Check the engine. Unless you are a handy-woman I suggest that you let your garage give your car a winter check-up. Even the simple fact that you know that everything is in order will give you confidence to meet an emergency. Have a run over the lighting and wiring and have that battery tested, because there will be more demand on it. See that the rear reflector is mounted squarely; if it is at a tangent the red glows sideways or upwards and can cause trouble to the car following.

Churned-up roads will mean extra wear and tear on your tyres and inner tubes, so take a careful look at them and replace if necessary. And please remember to have a brake check. The chances of skidding are much more likely if your braking system is unbalanced.

If you get badly stuck in thick snow you can try letting the air out of your tyres a little to give you more gripping surface. But don't forget to correct the pressure as soon as possible afterwards.

Inside the engine, see that the water hoses are tightened, and flush out the cooling system before filling it with rain water (or any other soft water) and anti-freeze. Clean and efficient sparking plugs will help starting. Remember to change to winter grade engine oil. Depressing the clutch when you first start up in wintry weather removes the load of the heavy gear box oil from the starter.

Visibility is the most noticeable factor in bad weather driving. Have the windscreen wipers checked and any perished blades replaced before you hit that blinding storm. An anti-mist cloth is a boon and stops mist and fog from forming. There are special ones on the market but if you take a cloth and smear it with glycerine or anti-freeze mixture this is a good substitute. If you have no demister then a piece of soap smeared over the inside screen, side and rear windows and polished off with a soft cloth does stop misting up. Alternatively, if you smear soap over the outside screen and polish it off, it delays ice forming in freezing fog. If your wipers go out of action in heavy rain, it will make the water run down and give better visibility.

CHAINS on wheels are seldom necessary in England but can be important in Scotland. But if the roads are very iced-up do drive slowly in top gear. The higher the gear the safer your driving.

The wise motorist will recognize and accept the difference in technique between winter and summer driving. If you are a nervous, new driver and have a

If you are driving in a stream of traffic and there is an icy surface: keep a reasonable distance from the car in front, move at a steady, regular pace, and stay in as high gear as possible

GWEN ROBYNS

To the motorist—snow, frost and ice bring added discomforts and dangers, but here is some expert advice on how to cope with winter driving

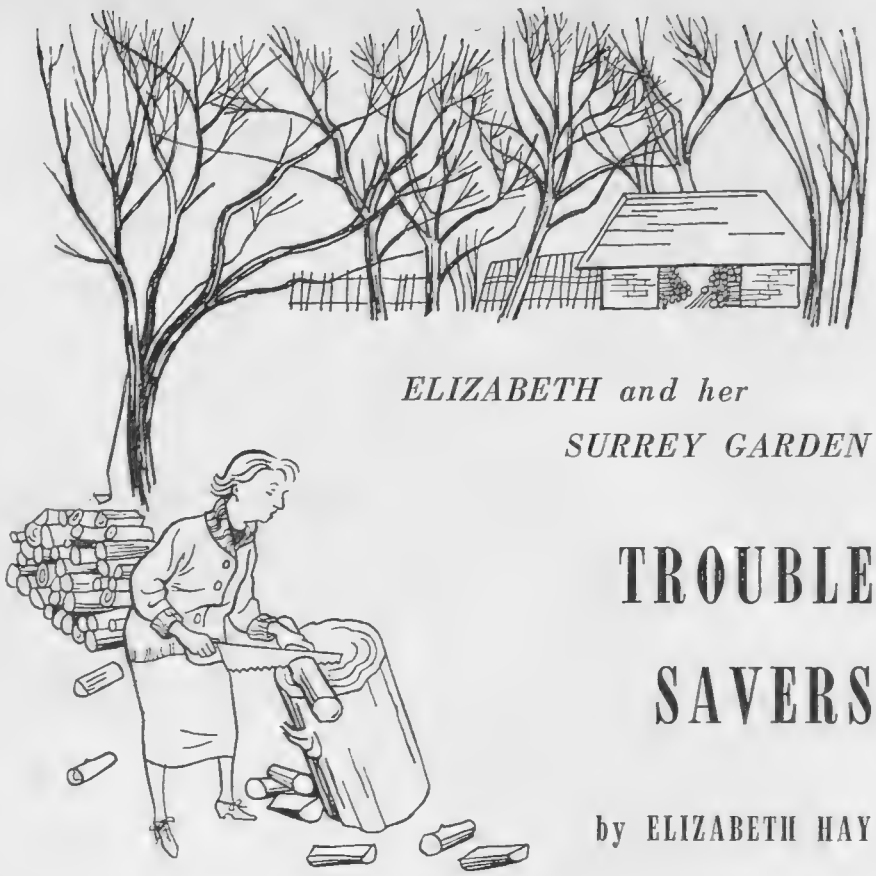
quiet (and wide!) road, then take your car out on the first opportunity for icy and slippery road conditions.

Practise skidding deliberately and regaining control. The first one may unnerve you, but you will slowly begin to "feel" the car and sense what to do. Snow is best for such tests, as you slither and bump more softly. The golden rule here, of course, is never to brake suddenly but instead to steer in the direction of the skid. If you ignore this then you are asking for trouble and can rightly be called a menace on the road.

IN normal running, once you have started up don't be in too great a hurry to drive off. Push in the choke as soon as the engine is running smoothly and let it idle awhile. If you do find yourself in a stream of traffic try and keep as far as possible from the car in front. If you are unlucky enough to skid the chances of damaging both your and his car are much less. And anyway, it feels safer.

Country driving in winter can be a nightmare. Though the roads are covered regularly by kindly red-checked A.A. and R.A.C. patrol men, don't rely on this. A well-filled boot is your best friend.

Tuck these into the boot: an old piece of carpet or sacking, for putting under the wheels if you get caught parked in a sticky patch and can't get a grip to get away; a tow rope for obvious reasons; a tiny flask of brandy; a tin of gravel for sprinkling over an icy surface; a tin of common salt for putting under the front tyres when leaving a car parked outside for a long time in icy conditions; an old kitchen shovel to clear away snow; an old piece of tarpaulin to cover the bonnet if the car is left parked for any length of time; and a rubber pot scraper for cleaning the windscreen if the car has been left out in a storm. I don't want to sound gruesome but a small first aid outfit is wise.



ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

TROUBLE SAVERS

by ELIZABETH HAY

WE once did a one act play at school, many years ago—*Mechanical Jane*. Jane was supposed to be the perfect maid-of-all-work, who was wound up by a key and then got on with things.

The modern housewife has many pieces of machinery to lighten her chores, and the same applies to the modern gardener, though I think the housewife usually gets in first with her requirements, and the garden takes second place. There just is not the time, nor have we the strength to do everything the hard unaided way.

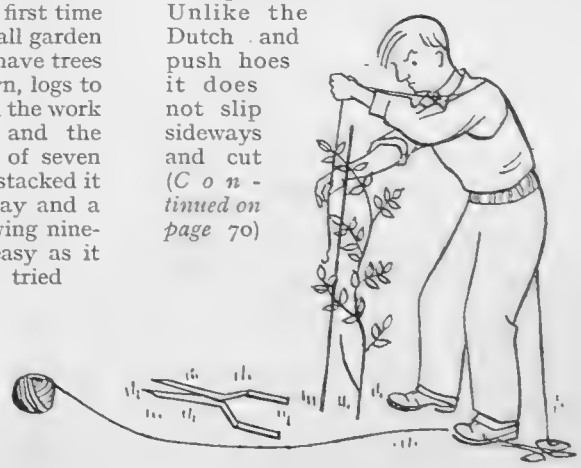
I like feeling that I myself can handle all the implements we have acquired for use in the garden. Some of the bigger, heavier tools are definitely better in the hands of a man, but in a crisis it is surprising how competently women can step in and handle a formidable piece of apparatus.

But most labour-saving gadgets are as simple and light to manage as those we use every day in the house. Here are a few, large and small ones, which have helped me a lot. Foremost, I would say, is the wonderful electric saw that we tried out for the first time the other day. Not every small garden needs such a tool, but if you have trees to top, small trees to cut down, logs to saw and so on, it gets through the work like a magic wand. Roy and the gardener took the tops out of seven elms, sawed up all the wood, stacked it and tidied up the lot in a day and a half. I tried my hand at sawing nine-inch logs, and found it as easy as it looked. If you have ever tried using a cross-cut saw—which is no tool for a woman — you would appreciate the difference. Incidentally the saw can be detached from the motor, and a hoe or tiller fitted instead.

Neither an electric saw, nor an electric hedge trimmer are cheap to buy, especially if needed only once or twice a year. One wishes it were possible to hire them from the local garage, electrical shop, or Horticultural Society. *But, so far, few firms or societies have had the initiative to start such a service, although it can be made to work well if organized properly.*

A set of stainless steel tools is as great a boon in the garden as stainless steel knives are in the house. They are so easy to use, and easy to clean. Soil does not stick to their smooth surfaces, and—specially important to unwilling tool cleaners—they do not rust. The trowel and the fork are the most modest, and are in regular use as much as any tool. By the way, a wire brush is a grand implement for cleaning the soil off tools.

I am devoted to our Swoe which is a long handled, beautifully balanced hoe a delight to use between plants in the herbaceous border, or between rows of vegetables. Unlike the Dutch and push hoes it does not slip sideways and cut (*Continued on page* 70)



Baker's Dozen

(*Continued from page* 5)

Well, time-and-motion studies don't open the high road to success in every kind of business. The short cut isn't always the best way to get there.

The old tradition of the baker's dozen was good business—better business by a long way than this modern insistence on the pound of flesh. It went deep and it went far. In the end it brought about a remarkable state of confidence and goodwill between sellers and buyers, and that's a better guarantee than all the wisdom in the City against slumps and inflation and the other monetary bogies that raise their heads on every hand today.

The baker's dozen takes lots of forms. It isn't just a question of numbers and weights. It isn't just a matter for the baker, the grocer and the butcher. It's everywhere where people buy and sell. In the toy shops at Christmas, for instance . . . I pick on them because if there is any sort of customer who should get good measure it's a child. Not for any sentimental reason, but because the child will eventually grow up and do as he was done by.

Most toy makers today—I repeat, *most*, for there are honourable exceptions—most toy makers today have forgotten the first essential that goes to making a good toy: that "little extra done for love." A toy isn't a toy worth the name without that quality. Call it the baker's dozen quality, if you like. I'm still enough of a child to remember the feel of the toy that really thrills! The thing that really thrills is that little extra twist or turn of fancy in the craftsman's work, that whimsy, maybe, that gives the possessor the feeling he's got something different and all his own.

WHEN I look at the dreary monotony of the average modern toy shops I'm unutterably depressed by the almost total absence of the sort of toy it used to be a pleasure to buy, and probably to sell . . . the toy with a personality of its own. Can you imagine those shelves full of mass-produced, stamped-out tin-plate horrors, identical in every toy department in the country, inspiring Hans Andersen to writing them into a fairy-tale?

Too many toys today were conceived on a drawing-board and assembled on a conveyor belt, with not a spark of generous delight going into the making of them from start to finish. Which means that most of them are fated to end up pretty quickly in the dustbin. That, of course, may be the idea. It *may* be good business. Well, I doubt it.

It will always be a matter of wonder to me that there are so many shop assistants capable of calculating in a flash the cost of one pound and one-and-a-half ounces of apples at one-and-ninepence per pound. It does credit to their schooling. But it isn't everything. There are imponderable things which nobody can teach. Good measure is one of them.

I will really begin to believe things are looking up, not when some financial wizard proves it with incomprehensible figures, but when I come out of a shop and find they have sold me thirteen of something for the price of twelve!

END

The Story Of Snowbellina

(*Continued from page* 9)

she manifests a hierarchical air of patronage and condescension, such as I once observed in another long-haired female.

When she tires of playing with my sons, she conveys her boredom by stopping in the midst of a mad rush, one snowy leg raised like a semaphore, and she begins to wash. If that hint is not enough, she just turns and bites.

Accession to her ancestral throne transformed her dealings with General Potts. Upon that once confident forager she now imposed a frightening authority. One evening I was listening to Britten's *Turn Of The Screw*, when I heard a ghostly groan from outside. Already dismayed by the unearthly music, I felt the skin over my spine begin to prickle. Dusk was falling; Quint or Miss Jessel was surely at the door. . . .

Just then, the chilling sound came again—but unmistakably a growl, this time. Softly I went to the window. Tail lashing, Snowbellina had immobilized General Potts with her blazing glance. He had been halfway to the kitchen gate, when the death ray caught him. He was not so much dead, however, as turned three parts to stone. His every motion was incredibly decelerated, so that it took him an age gingerly to slew round his frightened buttocks for retreat. A paw rose inch by inch, deprecatory, his belly dragged the ground. It took minutes for Potts to withdraw, and the crest of angry hair on Snowbellina's spine to sink back again.

She did not always abuse in gutter language. Once, when she was missing for a whole day, General Potts dared to doze in our garden, as if it were his own bit of Cheltenham or Beaulieu. It was turning dark when Snowbellina returned, but she caught sight nevertheless of Potts's presumption. This time she was no guttersnipe, but it was with a piercing Walkyrie cry that she consigned the interloper to perdition.

A LITTLE later we went to stay for a few days with friends, nearby. In their house sprawled a huge dog, straight out of Landseer's "Strange Bedfellows." Here was no company for our snow queen. Reluctantly, therefore, we left her at home, driving back constantly with food for her. One day, she was gone. With bowls of her favourite grub, we wandered round the ricks, calling vainly. But nothing moved save the engine of an untended tractor.

We came home for good next day. No sign of Snowbellina in house or garden. We began to grow worried as darkness fell. Then we took a cast up towards the ricks. To conventional cries of "puss" came no answer; so I tried a "miaow" as best I could. From among the dark trees came an impassioned answer. A white torpedo came boiling out of the gloom straight for us; then she was turning delighted circles round our feet. There were no reproaches; she is too much the aristocrat, however fortuitous an aristocrat, for that. Yet some minutes later she turned from her half finished plate, darted towards me with a sudden cry of panic. Her face was full of fear for her new-found kingdom.

I succeeded in calming her, restored her confidence, and her white paws began to knead the kitchen flags. As I put my hand on her flank, her purrs vibrated up my arm. Three months ago, I reflected, I did not know of her existence, nor could she envisage any existence free from kicks or hunger. What had begun as a casual game, my blandishments pitted against her bitter wildness, was now a knot of pleasure and of responsibilities.

I had given another hostage to Fortune. Who would minister to Snowbellina whenever we went abroad? Perhaps we must renounce foreign travel? Or migrate to a country which was sensible enough not to impede the movement of snow queens from one glistening court to another?

END

The Orient Comes West

(*Continued from page* 37)

the wall and the flowers on the table. Black and white Chinese prints have enjoyed a vogue for the last two or three years, but these are now joined by reproductions in full colour, some delicate and subtle and others full of rich shades.

In floral arrangements, the restful silver-grey of foliage and the beauty of stripped boughs bring that repose to a room which is so often lacking in a Western world perpetually in a hurry.

The Oriental influence has made its most emphatic mark of late on the work of floral artists. Arrangements which are contrived from one or two blooms in inspired harmony with their container are among the most lovely and popular.

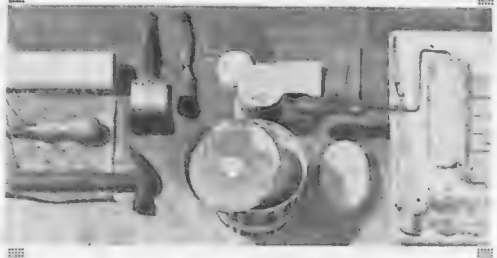
END

NEXT MONTH

Special 6-page house decorating section

Beginners, please

The amateur's problems, not often provided for in the guides for the expert, are dealt with. If you plan some home decorating, prime yourself from this guide to the pitfalls.



Decorator's alphabet

Decorator's alphabet. An A B C for the home decorator. Margaret Bowie has expert knowledge and practical experience of the repair jobs, the painting and paperhanging that so many of us are undertaking ourselves in the home. Keep this useful reference to help you when you start your own campaign. In addition, the latest and loveliest wallpapers in colour.

A thatched roof

David Langston argues for the beauty and practicability of this most endearing and most English form of roofing for the modern country house. Its amazing powers of insulation, its cost, and of course its great aesthetic qualities are all defended by a writer who knows what he is talking about. Pictures of the traditional and the modern thatched house in colour.

The humility of Einstein

It was the uncelebrated who were least afraid to talk to Einstein. Any unknown, so long as he or she were of the genus *human* might be his friend. The greatest scientist the world has known—and one of its most valuable human beings—is shown by Nanette Kutner as he was in the last days of a life that he had dedicated to service.

Other features

These include our Vogue Pattern Service, four pages of fashion, with emphasis on fashion rainwear and spring street dresses. Knitting patterns include a white blouse with a lacy yoke to wear with spring suits and a warm sports sweater with a Fair Isle decoration. In addition there is cookery, many article features and the best of fiction.

Hot drinks for cool heads!

When the time comes to pause for some refreshment, the hot drink that obviously recommends itself is good coffee. For coffee, with milk and sugar, is not only reviving to the body ; it is a refresher for brain and nerve too. It is so easy and so economical to make good coffee with Nescafé, for it dissolves instantly, giving you all the roaster-fresh goodness of pure coffee with none of the bother of brewing.

there's always time for **NESCAFÉ**

100% PURE COFFEE

152

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

My Love Is A Fugitive (*Continued from page 8*)

if ever we stopped loving one another we'd say so?" She closed her eyes again and drew another breath. "I—it's gone," she said. "I thought I'd love you forever. I thought. . . ." The tears were running down her face. "I don't know what's happened," she said. "Two days ago everything was perfect. . . ."

She couldn't go on. Her voice faltered and stopped. She held her handkerchief to her eyes, her head down, because she couldn't look at him.

It seemed a long time before he spoke. She heard the slither of the paper as it fell from his knee to the floor, heard the flick of his lighter as he lighted a cigarette and at last he said: "You're more courageous than I am, Linda. It's I who am the coward."

FOR a moment his meaning didn't penetrate her tired brain. She raised her head and looked at him, but he was sitting forward, staring not at her but into the fire and, so altered and strained was his expression that he might have been a stranger.

"What do you mean?" she breathed, and a swift fear touched her heart.

She saw the characteristic frown come on his forehead and his index finger tapped ash which wasn't there from his cigarette.

Then he said: "You've been honest. I'll try and be honest too. You see, Linda, it's —the same for me. I realized that something had gone from our relationship some few days ago. Like you, I couldn't believe it. It simply didn't seem possible. I haven't been able to sleep and I've been nearly sick with anxiety. I know we made that promise to one another, but—I told you I was a coward—I couldn't keep it. I thought that if I did I'd be wounding you past pain and that was impossible. But now you've told me that it's the same for you. . . ." A wry half-smile touched his mouth. "It makes it easier."

She could hardly believe that she had heard aright—that it was David who sat there staring into the fire, speaking those words in a strange unfamiliar manner. All day she too had been "sick with anxiety" thinking that what she had to say to him would wound him. But it hadn't wounded him because for him too that thing, that precious lovely thing had died. Just as she no longer loved him so he no longer loved her. And she ought to be relieved, glad. She wasn't. She was shocked and quite unreasonably, angry. How could he sit there so coolly and tell her he no longer loved her. . . . She tried to stop that line of thought knowing it illogical, unfair, but though outwardly she controlled it a new wave of pain and misery washed over her heart.

She said: "You mean—there's someone else? Please tell me, David."

There was no hesitation this time. "Someone else!" he scorned. "Of course not. I'd have told you if there had been. No, it's just that. . . ." But he couldn't finish the sentence and it was she who said:

"Don't go on. I know what you're trying to say. It's the apple tree, the singing and the gold that's gone, isn't it? We thought it was love, but. . . ."

He brought his hand up to his eyes then and said: "Oh, don't. This is unbearable. What's happened to us?"

She felt quite calm, quite unfeeling now, as though she were a third person interested in, but not touched by, two other people's trouble.

"We've got to face it, haven't we?" she answered. "We've said so often that whatever happened we wouldn't go on living a lie, wouldn't offend against love. It's only. . . ." The strange calm which had come over her rocked a little, as though about to fall, but she made a mental grab at it and managed to say: "It's what we're to do about it that matters, isn't it?"

"What can we do?" he muttered. "What is there to do?"

It was the question she had asked herself all day, and it was the question to which she hadn't found an answer.

"I suppose we'll . . ." she began, but it was no use. Separation, divorce—it wasn't possible to even use the words. It might have been possible if they hadn't loved one another so deeply, so wholly. But they had loved deeply, wholly. Had loved. Now they loved no longer. Now, like two strangers, they were sitting by a fire discussing what they could do with the little cold heap of ashes they were left with. Tears for the pity of it, for all the loveliness they'd known came into her eyes again and for a moment she longed fiercely for the comfort of his arms. But he had jerked to his feet and was staring down at her with fatigue-circled eyes.

"I'm not—deserting you," he said, "but I think I'll go out for a bit; walk and clear my head. Anyway, you'd probably prefer not to have me around."

She wanted to cry to him, beg him not to go, not to leave her alone with this burden of knowledge, but again logic was there saying: "You no longer love him, why do you imagine you need him? You've told him the truth and he has told you the truth. It's better, much better, that he should go out and leave you free to adjust to these new conditions." That's what reason said, but her heart still cried with the pain of the lost radiance, the lost love.

With a mighty effort and looking away from him she said: "Yes, all right. Perhaps it would be better."

She heard him go into the hall for his coat and then he was back again, standing in the doorway, his collar turned up about his ears for the night was cold.

"You'll be all right?" he said, and the expression in his eyes nearly defeated her. "I won't go if. . . ."

"Of course I'll be all right," she answered and then added, "you aren't going for good."

"Oh, Lord, don't," he replied quickly, and he looked down at his shoe and then up again. "It seems too awful," he said, "too grim. It sounds fatuous to say 'I'm sorry.' P'raps we loved one another too much. . . ."

She couldn't answer that. She turned away to the fire and as she did so she heard him move and a second or two later the outer door opened and closed again and his footsteps rang on the frosty lane.

She listened to them till they had died away and then she knelt on the floor and put her head into the chair and cried.

IT was barely a quarter of an hour later that she heard the gate creak and a few seconds after a knock on the door. For a moment so overwhelming was her misery she thought that it must be David who had come back. As if David would knock at the door! Who then? She stood up drying her eyes, straightening her hair. She looked at the clock. It was almost nine. The caller was probably the man from the village who was going to mend the fence. She turned back to the fire again. What point in having the fence mended when she and David were—but the knock came again, slow, precise, insistent. Through the closed windows she heard a slight cough. She went to the door and opened it.

"You're Linda, of course," said the man who stood there, dimly outlined in the porch light. "And I'm James, and I'm a day early, but if that fact discommodes you, I will go away again and return tomorrow."

"James!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Chandos." She was confused, barely able to see him because her crying had dimmed her eyes. "But—yes, of course, come in," she said. "Of course. . . ."

But she thought: "How can I bear one single thing more today? How can I?"

"James" came in. He was tall, slim and straight with brilliantly blue eyes and thick white hair. He carried a small case in his hand and there were four books in the crook of his arm. He was explaining his sudden appearance—the seat on an earlier plane; a fellow-traveller who was coming to Marlingford and whose chauffeur had brought his car to the airport. "It seemed singularly fortunate," he ended. "Too good to miss. They brought me to the corner of the lane; so very kind. But if my coming is inconvenient. . . ."

He had followed her into the sitting-room and was standing looking down at her with his blue, blue eyes. She remembered that she had been crying, that her face was still damp with tears, that she hadn't made the fire up nor taken the coffee cups out. And she remembered, too, that three weeks ago when they knew that he was coming, David had said: "James will love this place. He had a cottage rather like it in Wiltshire once," and she had intended to have the place looking beautiful for him.

She said: "But of course you must stay. I got your room ready today, fortunately. . . ."

He had put the books down on the table, but he was still looking at her, his face grave and she thought: "I ought to be smiling, welcoming him back to England."

"Thank you," he said. "I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind," and a smile, singularly sweet, singularly intimate, flashed suddenly across his grave face. She thought it was as if that smile revealed him, that in it he reached out a hand to her. And she knew that she could love him.

"David," she said, and she drew a swift breath as she spoke his name, "is out. I—I'm not sure how long he'll be." And she added quickly: "Have you had dinner? Can I get you anything?"

BUT he had had dinner on the way down with the man who had brought him from the airport. Later, perhaps, he would ask her to make him a cup of tea. "But now, I'd like to sit down and get acquainted with you, if I may," he said.

She put wood on the fire and he sat down and leaned back in the chair, his long legs stretched, quite at ease, and she remembered David saying: "My father used to say that James was the one man he knew who was at home in the world—any part of the world."

David! Where was he? Where had he gone after he left the cottage? To the village? Into the town? It was a quarter past nine now. Possibly he wouldn't come back till midnight, but even that, she had no means of telling for this was the first time since they had been married that he had gone out without saying where he was going. Remembering that, remembering all the loveliness they had shared, she had to choke back the tears again.

James was talking in his quiet voice, asking her about the cottage, about their lives in the village, about David's work, and every now and then he looked directly at her with his clear, amazingly young eyes. She did her best to answer him and to make him feel welcome, but her head was throbbing and the pain in her heart was almost unbearable.

And then, after a little silence, he said: "You are very like David's description of you, my dear."

The gentleness in his voice was too much for her and the tears came into her eyes again. This time she could not force them back and she lowered her head as she felt them running down her cheeks. If only he hadn't been so kind! So very *kind*. . . .

She heard him move in his chair and then she felt his hand over hers and he was saying: "You are troubled, Linda? Is it impertinent for me to say that I wish I could comfort you?"

She didn't know how it was that she came to be kneeling on the rug by the fire confiding in James, a virtual stranger; to this old man with the young blue eyes whom she had known only for an hour.

Like a child with a sorrow too heavy to be understood, she told him of the light that had died too soon, of the love that she had thought was forever which had grown cold; of the pain of loss, and lastly of David's standing there with his coat collar turned up and the tiredness in his eyes saying: "Perhaps we loved each other too much. . . ."

He listened without making any remark at all until she had (*Continued on page 60*)

Plain to see this boy is bright

He's brought home Osram lamps all right

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ended with: "Forgive me, please forgive me. I've no right to have said any of it. It's sickening of me. But it had only just happened. David had only just gone and then you came and. . . ."

He laid his hand on her shoulder, lightly yet firmly, and then he removed it.

"Convention is salutary in its place," he said, "but there are times when it is better to disregard it, aren't there?"

He was silent after he had said that and she dried her eyes feeling oddly relieved, though weak with tiredness.

THEN she heard James say: "Linda, I'm going to tell you something that no one else in the world has ever heard and I am going to ask you never to mention what I am going to say to you—not even to David."

She looked up at him but he was leaning back in the chair again, his white head against the dark tapestry, his eyes looking straight ahead.

"I expect," he said, "that David's told you a bit about me, but there is one thing about me, Linda, that David doesn't know. You, my dear, have honoured me with your confidence, now I am going to tell you. . . ." He hesitated and said: "Well, let's call it a little story, shall we?"

Again he moved in the chair, settling his head against the back of it, then he said: "Once, fifty years ago, Linda, I was married."

That astounded her, for hadn't David said: "He was *born* a bachelor I should think," but she made no comment.

"I was in Florence at the time," James went on, "messing about with paints, trying—and failing—to be an artist. She, Anna, was rather like you, Linda, dark and beautiful, and there under those old lovely skies we fell in love. I won't go into that for you've experienced it too—all the wonder and the beauty, the feeling that at last the key has been fitted into the lock of life, that out of all time and by a sheer miracle you have met the one person who knows you, understands you. . . ."

Yes, she had experienced that, lived it. "The one person who understands you, knows you. . . ."

"The Arno flowed under the little bridge where Dante saw Beatrice," James said. "Up on the road to Fiesole the chestnuts were turning to gold. It was as though we were—how shall I put it—steeped in beauty. I found rooms in the city and we were married. I was almost afraid. Can you understand that, Linda? Because everything had been so perfect and I loved her so much. But the miracle went on. If anything I loved her more than I had done in the beginning. I thought that we two had touched some heights that lesser people had never known.

"And then one day—" again James's voice faltered for a moment—"one day, quite suddenly, without any warning, change came over those breathless golden days. To my horror, I looked on her and saw—not the beautiful, almost supernatural being I had worshipped, but a girl, graceful, quite attractive, gentle—but no longer lighted by that radiant light from within. For a week I was appalled, all at sea. Like you I thought that our wonderful love would last forever. I couldn't—couldn't—believe that it had died. And then—I won't bother you with details, I found out that it was the same for her. We were like two children lost in a strange place."

His voice died away and then went on again, and Linda sat there, her eyes raised to his face. "Like you and David," he went on, "we had decided to be strictly honest with one another, not to offend against love. And we were honest. We tried to reason the thing out, but there wasn't any solution, and we came to the conclusion that what we'd thought was love, was just *attraction*, a false glamour born of Florence and the sunshine and the still, lovely nights. Rather than live a pretence, we decided to part. Not you will understand for good, but to live apart for a time. I left her in Florence and came over to England.

"In London I went around as much as I could. I met other women. I even tried to fall in love again. But it was all useless. Deep below the surface she was there, living on in my heart. I was confused and unhappy. Confused, for didn't I know that our love was dead? Unhappy because I still thought of her. This went on for some time. We had agreed not to write to one another, and we kept our bargain, but instead of the pain gradually lessening, it increased. Two or three times I nearly went back, but that course seemed unfair, for it wasn't, you understand, just I who no longer loved her, it was the same for both of us. So the winter passed.

"I had been working hard but the strain had told on me and one night I felt I couldn't bear it any longer. And yet what could I do? How could I force myself on her when she no longer wanted me? Then the following day, one of those strange chance things—if they are chance things—occurred which so often alter the whole course of a life. I ran into an old friend of my father's whom I hadn't seen for some long time. He was an outstanding man with a wide experience and I had always cared for him.

"I won't bore you with details, but only tell you that I spent the evening with him and late that night, up in the little room where I was living in Chelsea, I poured the whole thing out to him. There wasn't electric light much in those days and I hadn't even gas in my room, so we sat in candle light and I saw his old, rather stern face shadowed and lighted as the flame brightened and dimmed. He didn't speak until I had finished my story.

"He said: 'You foolish, idiotic young man! You ridiculous jackanapes! Do you really know so pitifully little of life—you with your glib talk of offences against love? Don't you know that all that surface romance and glamour must die in the very nature of things, you wretched little precocious know-all? Don't you realize that if it didn't die the true uniting of two souls which is the very pith and core of marriage, couldn't take place? Simply *couldn't take place*! Do you dig a plant up by the roots a few weeks after you've planted it because it hasn't bloomed? Do you throw a painting away because the initial inspiration has died when you're just getting down to work on it? You know very well you don't.'

"And then, emphasizing each phrase with the thrust of a knife he had taken from the table, he said: 'Day after day, year after year, in silence and in trouble and in pain that uniting of two people goes on deep beneath the surface. You can't see it, but it is there, as steady and sure and as inevitable as a river flowing to the sea. And I tell you here and now that all the excitement and glamour is only the curtain-raiser.

"'You've mistaken it for the great play, the finished masterpiece, you impossible little upstart. A fine custodian of your woman's life, you are! A fine *man*!' And finally he said: 'Get back to Florence to your wife tonight, if you can. Don't leave it another day!'"

"And you went back?" Linda breathed.

James didn't answer for a time and she saw a slight frown cross his forehead. Then he said: "Yes, I went back. I was only too glad to have the excuse to go."

"And she—Anna—was there?"

AGAIN the silence came down until James said: "Yes. She was there. But not in our rooms." He drew a breath and said: "She was in a convent hospital, and she was dying. They told me there was no hope but they let me see her. She looked up at me and said: 'Weren't we silly, Noll? We didn't recognize love when we saw it, did we? Now it's—too late.' She closed her eyes then, but after a time she opened them again and said: 'Those who love can't be separated, ever, can they? They just can't be. . . .'"

Once again Linda wiped the tears from her cheeks. "I can't bear it for you," she said.

He sat up then and he put his hand on her head and said: "Don't be sad, Linda, or you will make me wish that I hadn't told you my story. You know why I told it to you, don't you?"

She nodded, looking up into his old face with its clear eyes. "Yes. I know."

My Love Is A Fugitive

"And you believe that what my old friend told me is true?"

"Yes. I believe it."

"Then you'll——" The creak of the gate broke into his sentence. Firm footsteps sounded on the lane. A key turned in the lock.

Linda put out her hand and laid it over his. "Oh thank you, James," she whispered. "It'll be all right now. I promise."

"It won't be easy," James whispered. "Not always."

"No," she said. "No, but——"

"Linda!" David called and then he came into the room and saw James. "Good grief! How did *you* get here?" he exclaimed.

There were explanations then and Linda left them talking while she took out the coffee cups and came back with a tray of tea and biscuits.

Watching her as she moved about the room David thought: "Something's happened to her. She's changed. Or is it I who've changed? Perhaps it's both of us. I don't know. I only know that she is more *gentle*. It's as though she's suddenly developed something I've always secretly longed for in her, but what that thing is I don't quite know. It's a sort of peacefulness, I think. I must have been mad to say I didn't love her. I do love her—always and forever. . . ."

JAMES NEAL, the writer of lurid romances, was getting ready for bed. "Yes, *I* know," he said. "It was all make-believe, wasn't it? But what else could I do? They're so young, so defenceless, and I had to stop all that nonsense somehow because they're worth it. Both of them. And anyway," he went on, amplifying his excuses, "it was true in essence. They never will give marriage time to grow, the sweet young fools." He took another deep, satisfied breath. "They'll be all right once the baby comes. . . ." He raised one comical eyebrow towards the Plough. "Oh, yes! It's on the way. That's why she's so edgy, of course, bless the child." He yawned deeply. He was very tired.

"It was a nice story, anyway," he said to himself. "I always like Florence as a setting. As a matter of fact, I think, if I tinkered about with it a bit it might do as a nucleus for my new book. . . ."

END

Now...The Wine

(*Continued from page 43*)

The red cabbage dish will team with Beaune at 7s., Beaujolais at 8s., Chilean red at 6s., or Rioja at 8s. 6d. The Rioja, too, for the pot roast, or, better still, one of the Rhône wines. Châteauneuf-du-Pape will do very nicely at 8s. 6d.

The Cassoulet being a strong-tasting dish demands a full-bodied wine. A Pommard or a Nuits St. George at 8s. 6d. or the Rioja aforementioned will suit.

With most white meat dishes the need is for a white wine or a vin rosé. Hock is really an ideal choice, but don't expect to get a good one under 10s. or so. In place of hock one can substitute a Moselle-Bernkasteler Riesling at about 9s. or the Yugoslav Lutomer Riesling at 8s. 6d. A wine with an excellent flavour. Or an Alsatian, with the character of Hock, Sylvaner Spatlese at 8s. 6d.

If you should be serving a casserole of mutton or veal, in fact one of the long-cooking, easy-to-manage dishes I have recommended, accompany it with a Pouilly Fuisse at 8s., Lutomer Riesling at 8s. 6d. or a Graves at 7s. A Vin Rosé Tavel at 10s. is very good and there is a Czechoslovakian at 7s. 6d.

You will gather that I consider wine a good thing. It will make an ordinary meal taste wonderful, a wonderful meal taste Lucullan. Not a drop need be wasted; any left over can be used to enrich meat dishes. Always, always, wine can be relied on to come to the aid of the party!

END

Price about 15/- each

Mrs. Pye (*Continued from page 15*)

communication. But Mrs. Pye did not move, and all the colours about her were growing paler and thinner.

"Mrs. Pye," she whispered urgently. "Do let me know what it is you want of us. I'd do anything to help you, you know that, don't you?"

She waited but heard nothing. Mrs. Pye had vanished. Louise stared at the ordinary kitchen range with a dish-cloth lying nearby.

She never quite remembered how she got upstairs. She was too upset to rejoin her guests and presently John came to her.

"Darling, I must send for the doctor. You look really ill. There's nothing else for it—we must move from this house."

She shook her head. "Not just yet, John, and I don't want any doctor. The servants didn't imagine any of it. I saw Mrs. Pye myself, there in the rocking chair, and then it all got blurred somehow. . . ."

She stopped. He bent over her. "Louise, you must rest."

"Very well," she said flatly.

BUT she could not rest. The experience had shaken her far more than she cared to admit. She thought of Mrs. Pye, her sweet temper, her genial rosy face, her candid grey eyes, and that old "buttoned-upness" of hers.

"I wonder if she had ever been married," wondered Louise, aware that Mrs. Pye might have been called so by custom and courtesy only. "She was certainly meant for home life."

Engrossed in thought, Louise took to pacing the room up and down. Suddenly she knocked against a revolving bookcase so that a few books fell off the bottom shelf. She picked up one and began leafing the pages idly when she came across a folded scrap of paper.

There was nothing on it except the number of a house and the name of a street in Islington written in a clumsy hand. Louise stared at it hard, then rang the bell and asked for the brougham to be brought to the door within an hour.

Driving through the gay, sunlit streets, Louise sat a little forward, the white feather boa ruffled about her throat. She looked at the busy urban scene and saw none of it. She tried to shape some kind of a plan of action, and gave up the attempt. She could think of nothing except that she was on her way to Islington.

Euston Road well behind them, Matilda Street proved hard to find, but at last they got there. Louise stopped the carriage at the top of the street and told Jones to wait for her. Matilda Street was a narrow grey street with mean grey houses, all huddled one against another, repeating the monotonous pattern of a door, a window below and two above. Her hand raised to the knocker, Louise wished she had brought that scrap of paper with her. "But I think it was twenty-three," she said to herself. The door was opened by a fat little woman with a pink apple of a face.

"Please," Louise stammered, "did Mrs. Pye ever live here? Could you tell me anything about her?"

"Mrs. Pye, m'm?" The woman's brown eyes looked scared.

"Yes, yes. She is—was, in my service. I've just found this address and I thought you might know something about her."

THE little woman staggered back and fat tears were streaking down her cheeks. Uninvited, Louise stepped in and closed the door behind her. The little woman kept saying in between her sobs: "Do you know where she is? Do you know where she is?"

"So you know her?" Louise reined in her impatience.

"Know Molly Pye? I'd say we did, m'm. Here, we've bin lookin' arter little Kate and the money come as regular as regular and Mrs. Pye was that careful—wouldn't let even us know where she lived. We've not had nothing for three months come next week, and my man bein' out of work an' all, things are that hard, and there's nothing but to send the little mite away, and I've got that fond of her. Why, m'm, we'd have adopted her and all, but Mrs. Pye wouldn't never hear of it, that she wouldn't. Please, m'm, where is she?"

"She died nearly three months ago—in my house—very, very suddenly."

The little woman's tears ran all the faster.

"Poor Molly Pye—it's a raw deal she had and no mistake. There she was, as straight as you make 'em, in a big house up in the north, and some toff or other come for the shooting and brings his man with him. That rascal had a wife and children in Ireland, m'm, and there he went and asked Molly Pye to marry him, and he wouldn't take 'no,' and they was married, and he promised faithful that by Christmas he'd have her in a cottage in Ireland—and by Christmas he was in jail—for bigamy, so they said, m'm."

"But, surely," Louise began, but the little woman could not stop.

"And there she was in the family way and turned out an' all. I' ad her here, and when her trouble was over, she went into service again, and every day off she 'ad she'd come here as regular as regular, and that careful she was—we'd no notion where she lived or anything. She said as people might turn her out all along of the child, m'm, and not even her picture would Molly keep by her, but my nephew, 'e once had a snap of this house took, and she treasured it ever so——"

"I know that picture," Louise managed to put in at last. "Now, Mrs.—er—Thomas, is it? Mrs. Pye lived in my house and we all loved her. It wouldn't have made any difference if I'd known about the child."

Mrs. Thomas did not look convinced. "Well, m'm, that family up in the north, downright cruel they was to her, and many a time she said to me, she said: 'Alice, there's many a nosey parker as wants to ferret things out,' she said, 'but mum's the word,' and I can't say as I blame her, and now there's the pore little mite——"

"But, of course, that'll be my business now," said Louise hurriedly. "Here is my name and address, and you must come and see me. . . ."

She stayed on for a few more minutes and she never remembered how she got back to the carriage. At the corner she turned and stared down Matilda Street and remembered the blurred snapshot. One bitter experience behind her, Mrs. Pye would not risk another, and even a child's photograph might have led to awkward questions and worse.

But never, never in my house, Louise thought passionately, and understood why she had felt that sudden awe when standing in her apparently empty kitchen. A mother's love still lingered there, and a mother's resolve to come to her child's rescue proved stronger than death.

The resolve accomplished, Mrs. Pye never came again.

END

The Changing Face Of Joan Miller

(*Continued from page 12*)

Her appearance is pleasant but not very colourful, her small talk polite but painful. In a press interview she is most willing to oblige but completely uninterested in talking about herself. She will gladly give the bare facts of her life.

Born in Vancouver, she decided to be an actress when she was seven, learned elocution, did amateur performances, collected prizes, ran her own Academy of Dramatic Art when she was seventeen. In 1934 she was awarded the Countess of Bessborough's trophy for the best Canadian actress.

Then came the trip to London and learning the really hard side of show business. Years of small parts and understudying stars who did not get ill, prolonged periods of "resting." Then a number of welcome parts in radio plays where her voice and name first became well known.

IF you remember the early days of television you will also remember her as the original Picture Page Girl in the weekly magazine programme. (One of these programmes was picked up in New York, so her face was the first one to be televised across the Atlantic.) But this was not acting and she left London to be leading lady at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. Then back to the metropolis. Her meeting with Peter Cotes, the brilliant young producer who opened the New Lindsay Theatre and put on *Pick-Up Girl* which was such a tremendous success. He subsequently became her husband. She has never looked back and recently was given the first long-term commercial television contract to be signed by a dramatic actress.

It is a straightforward success story moving from a small town in Canada to stardom in London. There is nothing in it to indicate why Joan Miller should be so unlike other actresses who have followed similar paths. If other stars are exciting because, in their individual ways, they do not conform to ordinary accepted standards, Miss Miller is fascinating because she is so unlike her theatrical sisters.

She has, for one thing, a most extraordinary sense of responsibility. Whether she was born with it or whether her early home life was the cause of it I do not know but her acting and her private life seem to be ruled by a compulsion not to disappoint anyone, not to let anybody down. This urge is so strong that it has pushed any interest she may have in her own welfare and personality right into the background. Her friends and co-workers all agree that she is reliable down to the smallest detail.

She is even punctual, an unheard-of attribute in the theatrical profession.

Her performances are at times flawless not only because she is intelligent, technically experienced and sensitive, but because of this intense drive not to disappoint the audience, the producer, the playwright and even the very characters that she portrays.

It was this drive that made her study each iota in the life and death of Mrs. Thompson when *A Pin To See The Peepshow* was produced. Her sympathy with Mrs. Thompson is profound.

WHILE she was playing the part she *was* Edith Thompson. More than any actress one can think of (a very few men come to mind) she has the ability to submerge her own personality and to bring about a total change in her appearance.

The intelligent—not so much beautiful as arresting—face of the *real* Joan, with its soft dark eyes, can become at will the face of, perhaps, an old embittered woman, a young and wistful one; or as easily it assumes the depraved and brutal lineaments of a trollop. Stage make-up is only half the story. The many faces of Joan are the many facets of her unusual talent.

You will be seeing a lot of her on television from now on and I will hazard a guess that some of the most rewarding hours of drama will be those when Joan Miller is on your screen.

END

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A Maythorn For A Monument (*Continued from page 27*)

because I have an important-looking letter for you, Morgan."

The postman went back to his van, and came back with a long, brown envelope.

"Typewritten address, Morgan."

"Not the rates, or one of those firms selling washing-powder again, Jenkins?"

"Oh no, much more interesting I should say, Morgan."

The postman handed the letter across to the old hedger, and Morgan opened the envelope with a long spike of thorn taken off a convenient shoot in the hedge. The old man read slowly, and then handed across the letter to the postman. Quickly Jenkins looked at it and then said :

"Why, this is wonderful news, old friend. They are going to give you a medal."

"But I want no medal, Jenkins."

"But it is an honour, a very great honour. The Agricultural Society have said that you have been recommended for a medal for long service to agriculture."

"But medals are for soldiers, Jenkins. I am a hedger, that is all. I want no medal."

Jenkins waved the letter about in the bleak air and said, almost with a shout : "But you are invited to go to the great Agricultural Show in June, and there Lord somebody or other is going to give you a gold medal."

MORGAN picked up his molly again, and gave an uneven stake a slight tap as he said: "Well, lord or no lord, I am not leaving this parish to be given any medal."

"But you must, it is a great honour."

"It will be a greater honour for me if this hedge grows all right, Jenkins. Besides, what can I do with a medal?"

"Hang it up in the house, Morgan."

"I am only in the house on winter evenings, and I have better things to do than peer up at a medal like an old soldier."

"Well, anyway," said the postman, "you will answer the letter and thank them, and perhaps they will send the medal to you by registered post."

Morgan put the molly down, pulled on his leather mittens, and picked up his bill-hook. Then he said :

"I have never answered a letter in all my life, Morgan, and it is quite certain that I am not going to start such a time-wasting habit at my age. You, being a scholar, can answer for me if my rudeness worries you."

"Why, yes, I will reply if you want me," said the postman. He folded up the letter, put it in his pocket, and climbed into his little red van. From there he called :

"I shall tell them that you are not able to leave the parish because of pressure of work, Morgan."

"Tell them the truth, Jenkins, in which I believe. Tell them that I have the moon for my medal, a round precious thing which needs no polishing."

They laughed at each other then, and the postman drove away. Morgan set in a new stake, and pleached down a new stem. Medals, indeed, he thought, they would make him wear a uniform next. Yet, although he fought against it, the thought gave him a warm sense of pleasure. Somebody, somewhere, had watched his hedges and had seen their tidy growth.

The weeks passed; full spring came, with the white flower of the maythorn foaming the hedgerows, and the incandescent yellow of the buttercups flooding the growing hay fields Morgan hardly thought again about the gold medal which he had been told to receive. His days were filled with work. Sometimes he was making a bonfire of waste thorns and shoots taken from the hedges he had pleached. At other times he was tidying up the bottoms of his hedges, or adjusting some stake which had fallen out of symmetry where the foundation was of a sandy soil. And in the lengthening light of the evenings he walked along the roads watching, with pride and interest, recently pleached hedges of this or last year. They were all green and urgent with growth; an alive and positive sign of the harmony that this old man had with the forces of nature.

May passed and June came, with the noise of mowing machines about the meadows, and the evenings full of the leisurely sounds of cricket in the village, of the calling of the hunting swallows, of the clacking of the balers about the scented hay fields. By now, Morgan was at work each day at hedge cutting, and his long semi-circular bushing hook flashed in the steady sunlight of the June days. In one hand he would hold the bushing hook, while in the other he clenched a long stick with a Y-fork at the end of it. This latter he used to place the shoots of the hedge in position for cutting.

It was on a Monday that he was eating his lunch under the great, certain, and acceptable shade of a wide horse-chestnut tree which was halfway along the length of the hedge that he was trimming. It was an old tree, with a great bole, and the grass and the macadam around were stained with the petals of the candle-like flowers which had recently broken.

Morgan sat with his bent back resting against the bottom of the tree, and with his feet stretched out in comfort along the wide grassy verge of the roadside. It was only a minor road, and the only traffic was an occasional tractor taking a load of baled or loose hay home to some farm; or a milk-lorry laden with silver bright, rattling churns. Over his head, there was the dull buzz of bees scouring the last of the horse-chestnut flowers for honey; to his left there was a small brook which ran through a culvert under the hedge and road, giving that most soothing of summer sounds for a warm day : the shake of water over gravel reaches and rounded pebbles.

Morgan, with his tools by the side of him, was eating his sandwiches of bread and margarine and fancy blue-streaked cheese. His meal was contained in a small picnic basket that he had won in a raffle organized last winter by the Village Games Room. He was proud of this basket, and found it very useful.

The food eaten, he closed his eyes, and listened to the bees, and the sound of the running water. The fresh smell of the grass in the sun reached his nose; and the noise from the tree above and the culvert below soothed him. He pushed his head against the bark of the horse-chestnut tree, and relaxed for a short sleep. His last conscious thought before sleep was : what was the use of being one's own master if a man couldn't sleep by his work in the sun?

MORGAN was awakened by the talking of several voices. At first he thought that he must have died in his sleep and had entered hell. He had always feared that his own particular hell would be a place of much noise and constant talk, seeing as he had loved quietness so much. And he heard his own name being mentioned, "Mr. Morgan." Perhaps it was Heaven? He could imagine no other place in which he would be called mister.

Then there was a voice which he recognized as Jenkins the Post, saying a thing which was very much of this world :

"He's fallen asleep after his dinner, I'm afraid."

There was a pause then among the voices, and a more cultured voice replied :

"Well, my good man, you had better awaken our friend."

Knowing that he was indeed in this world, and having no desire to be rudely touched by Jenkins the Post, the old hedger opened his eyes to a remarkable sight.

On the road were two large smart cars, their coachwork gleaming, and their chromium twinkling in the sun. Standing between him and the cars were three prosperous looking gentlemen, in suits and hats and striped ties. In one of the cars there was a uniformed chauffeur. Just in front of Morgan there was his old friend, Jenkins the Post. But even Jenkins the Post was transformed; he was wearing his Sunday suit and a bowler hat.

Morgan hastily put his things into the picnic basket, placed his tools on top, and then stood up, saying : "Gracious, Jenkins, good day to you."

Jenkins nodded at him almost as if he was a stranger. Then the postman turned to the three men, and spoke reverently :

"This is our Mr. Morgan."

The three men came forward and, in a fit of nervousness, the old hedger clasped the trunk behind him; he was reassured as one of the men, tall and grey and distinguished, said:

"It's all right, Mr. Morgan. We're sorry to make this mass invasion on your privacy, but we thought we would catch you at work."

Morgan managed to say : "Oh, I have my time off, like other men."

He looked at Jenkins the Post, knowing that that man finished each day at noon. Jenkins had now stood to one side, and the tall gentleman spoke again :

"I am Lord Glenmortimer, these two gentlemen with me are the secretary and the chairman of the organization committee of the Agricultural Society. We are holding our Show in Shropshire this year, and I happen to be the President."

The man on the one side of the lord was taking out a small square case from his pocket, the man on the other side handed across a rolled scroll. The lord spoke again :

"We had a letter from your friend, Mr. Jenkins, about the gold medal which we are giving you. Mr. Jenkins said that, as your friend, you had asked him to write to explain how you were a natural countryman and thus found the atmosphere of crowded places, such as agricultural shows, rather trying. Is that so?"

Morgan only nodded, wondering for a moment at the scholarly brain of Jenkins the Post. The lord was speaking again, however :

"And so, because we know how great a strain it is for a countryman such as you to have to leave his work and his parish, we three busy men have decided to make a very speedy visit here."

THE tall gentleman who was a lord was given the case and the scroll by the other two men. Then he flicked open the case and, taking out the medal, fastened it to the worn striped shirt of the old hedger; the satin-lined case the lord then gave to Jenkins the Post. That done, the tall man unwrapped the scroll, and read out what was written on it.

"This is to testify that Morgan Morris has given long and unselfish sacrifice to the cause of agriculture. In wind and rain he has worked, and he has served his master and the country community most nobly."

The lord wrapped up the scroll, tied it with its gilt tape, and handed it across to Morgan.

The old hedger was standing straightly now; and then he moved out from the base of the horse-chestnut tree to take the scroll from the nobleman. As he did so, Morgan sighed deeply, and the gold medal tinkled on its tiny clasp.

"Well done," said the tall man who was a lord.

The other two visitors clapped their hands, and Jenkins the Post joined in with them.

There was a moment of silence afterwards, touched only by the noise of water over the pebbles and the gravel, and the murmur of the bees in the last of the flowers of the tree. Then, with that slowness of a man who has lived long along the silences of nature, old Morgan the hedger said :

"Thank you all very much for coming to see me this day, and for leaving the busy show-ground."

The tall man smiled and replied swiftly and easily :

"We like a little peace ourselves, my friend. We are all countrymen, and, to tell you the truth, with a three-day show like ours one gets a little tired of all the tractors and the milking machines and the rest of the engines throbbing away. It's wonderfully peaceful here. You're lucky to have such surroundings."

The men turned towards the two cars. Then Morgan spoke again, quite loudly :

"But, sirs, there was one mistake in the writing which is on the paper you have given me." (*Continued on page 66*)

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A Maythorn For A Monument

(*Continued from page* 64)

Rather impatiently, now, the tall man turned from his car and the chauffeur, and said : "Yes?"

"Yes sir, it said that I had served my master well. Sir, I have never had no master except myself and the hedgerows."

The tall man nodded, and climbed quickly into his car. The other men had got into the second car. The tall man called :

"Well, that's only a tiny mistake, isn't it? Good afternoon, Mr. Morris."

Morgan called back :

"Good afternoon to you all."

But his old voice was lost in the noise as the cars drove away down the lane. He turned to Jenkins the Post, who was standing among the grasses with the little black case in his hand.

"Jenkins, unpin this from my chest, will you."

SILENTLY the postman did that, and placed the medal in the case. Without again looking at it, the old hedger took it, closed the lid, and slipped it into his trousers pocket. The scroll he tried to place in his picnic basket; it was too long, and so he bent it over on itself with a crunch of the crisp parchment.

Searching for the right words, Jenkins the Post said : "They really didn't understand, I expect, that your only master was the old hedge?"

Morgan shook his head : "They thought I was a bit queer, I daresay. I did think of saying about the moon being my medal, but they would have sent for a doctor at that, I am sure."

"They mean well, Morgan. It was kind of them to come all the way. I wrote only in a joke, really, so you forgive me?"

"Of course. Pity you didn't say, though, how my reward is all about me. Sun and moon and trees and things like that."

"You'll keep the medal, won't you Morgan?" asked the postman, anxiously.

The old hedger pointed down the winding road. There, on the sandy bank of the roadside was a small rabbit warren, the brown earth spilled from the holes staining the bright greenness of the grasses and the vetches.

"See those rabbit holes, Jenkins?"

"I do."

"Well, I shall push the bit of paper and the medal deep down inside one of those on my way home this evening. The earth will soon make to dust the paper, and the case which holds the medal."

Jenkins the Post nodded, but said nothing. Morgan went on :

"The medal will remain, I daresay, for a long time. Someday some man searching for history might find it and will say to himself, some man won this."

"You want to be remembered, then, Morgan?"

"Oh no, not with medals, Jenkins, not with medals. So long as there are hedgerows in these parishes where England meets Wales, I shall have my memorial."

Jenkins the Post, suspecting that the excitement and the heat of the day had trembled the reasoning of his old friend, smiled gently and said :

"Every maythorn will be your monument, Morgan."

"Like the moon, Jenkins, the maythorn never dies."

Then both suddenly realized that they were talking too easily about wise, ancient, and mystical things; and so they ceased their conversation and said goodbye to one another. Jenkins went home to his garden, and Morgan took up his tools again; he thought only about the old and the new shape of the immediate hedge, this which was his present master and his future memorial.

END

The Hand-in-Glove Calypso

(*Continued from page* 34)

washing up in the kitchen.

"Sorry," Sabina whispered.

"Sorry," Danny grinned.

Sabina sank down on the settee and clasped her hands.

"You're very meek all of a sudden."

"I've lost my lucky stone," she wailed. "My very lucky one. The white one with the hole in the middle."

"Where's your leading man?" Danny inquired.

"We said good night at the bottom of the stairs. If I wasn't so worried about my stone, I'd tell you about him. Danny, something terrible's going to happen. I've lost my luck."

"Bunk," Danny said briskly.

"It isn't bunk," Sabina quavered. "You shouldn't have given me those flowers. Real flowers are unlucky on the stage. Nana says so."

"Only when they're part of the props. I expect your stone's in the theatre."

Sabina buried her head in the cushion and began crying.

DANNY got up and gently stroked her hair. Sabina caught at his hand. Without letting go of her fingers he came round, pushed her over and sat down. Sabina wriggled round beside him, rubbing her knuckles into her eyes. "It'll be all right, won't it? Say it will."

"You've smudged your mascara. You look like something out of an early horror film."

Sabina gave a hysterical gulp. "Read me a lecture, Danny. As you used to when we were in a bad patch."

Danny tilted up her chin, "Look, Sabina, you're a baby. A stone can't bring you good or bad luck. Remember what we had to do? Grit our teeth and stick our toes in. You aren't a star yet, you know. You've just had the chance of being one, that's all. It was good experience."

"Was?" Sabina faltered. "What about all the other nights? Won't it have a long run?"

Danny linked his hands and stared at the carpet.

"I had six curtains," Sabina wailed.

"Audiences admire pluck. And they love a dramatic situation. They were waiting for you to flop. You didn't. You stuck it and they gave you six curtains." He paused. "But you're still a beginner. I'd say you were adequate on this occasion."

Sabina sat up. "Adequate? *Adequate?*" she breathed. "I hate you. Oliver thinks I'm marvellous. Wait till you see the press notices. Wait till I marry Oliver. You'll see where I get to."

Danny grinned. "I'm all eyes. Congratulations. He's a fast worker. When did he ask you? At the bottom of the stairs?"

Sabina hugged her knees. "He hasn't actually asked me yet. But he will. He adores success. Hollywood's chasing him for a film."

"Wonderful profile," Danny said.

"He can't help it," Sabina protested. "Same as you can't help being you. He's going to ring me first thing. I'm meeting him in Quag's next door to the theatre for coffee. Then we're spending the day together. I arranged everything. Danny, isn't it wonderful loving someone?"

Danny got up and strolled to the piano. "I'm afraid of buying a single ticket by mistake."

"Meaning what?" Sabina asked.

"Meaning it's a more comfortable journey with a return half. Come along, chicken, into bed with you and I'll bring you your milk."

Sabina sighed. She knelt up and looked at him over the top of the piano. "Play something. Play "Blue Skies" to me. It used to be our tune when we were in a bad patch."

Danny began playing the melody and Sabina stared hard at his red head, trying to push back the tears. "It was all fun really, wasn't it?" she

(*Continued on page* 68)

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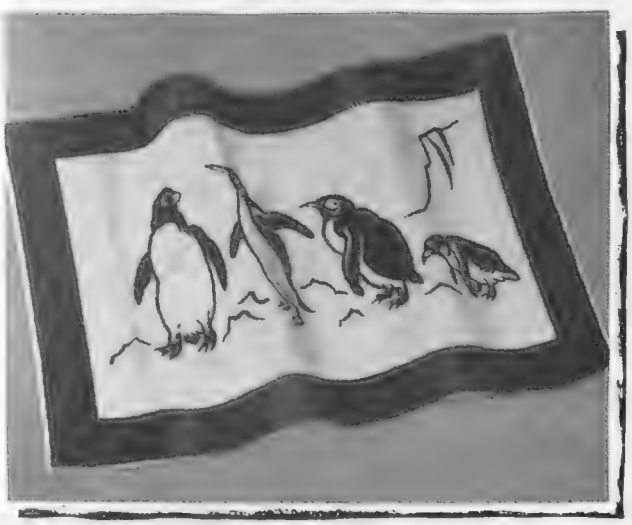

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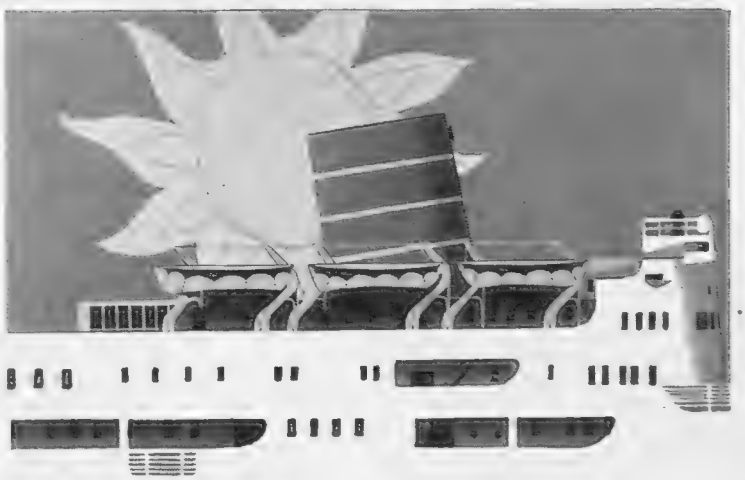

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The Hand-in-Glove Calypso

(*Continued from page 66*)

whispered. "I didn't really mean King Canute was corny. We had some fun in the old days. Before we got all smart and successful and could afford a service flat."

Danny smiled wryly, not looking at her. "You're never satisfied. Be off to bed and dream of the profile. I'll be in with the milk when you shout."

Sabina trailed slowly into the passage. Nana Pantony had her coat on. "When's Mr. Klingel going to be off?" she said.

"Be off?" Sabina repeated. "Where to? He lives here."

Nana stared into her candid eyes. "He lives here?" she said.

"Why, yes," Sabina nodded. "He's always been around. Making me practise for hours. Seeing to all the boring bits like food, bills and agents. Making me milk and seeing I get enough sleep. We're business partners. That's his room there. The one with the white knob at the end of the passage. And this is mine. We share everything else."

Nana went on looking at her. "Other people might take a different view, dear," she said gently.

Sabina frowned. "You mean . . . me and Danny? Me and Danny . . . in love? You honestly mean people might think. . . . Why, he's only kissed me twice. Once when we got the job at Ciampi's and again last night after the show. Ordinary kisses that people kiss in front of other people. We've never even dreamed of each other like that. Why, Nana, Danny's just . . . Danny. I don't even notice him half the time."

Sabina was still staring after her as Nana let herself out of the flat. Then, slowly she walked into her room, letting the white nylon dress drop in a pool at her feet. She climbed into bed and called to Danny. "I'm ready for my milk now. Nana was surprised about you living here. She thought we might be in love."

"What a ridiculous idea," Danny said coming in with the milk. "When are you going to begin hanging your clothes up? This dress cost the earth."

"Danny," Sabina pursued. "You don't love me, do you? It would be too awful if you did. I shouldn't like to disappoint Oliver. One must marry for love, mustn't one?"

"Quite definitely," Danny said. "Sleep tight, peach. I'll drag you out when the papers come."

SABINA picked up the glass. "Give me a good night kiss, Danny. For old times' sake. We shan't be together much longer."

"No kisses," Danny said. "And don't ramble, there's a good girl."

Directly she was alone, the loss of her stone once more fell on Sabina's heart with anguished foreboding. She dozed restlessly, haunted by a dream of Oliver and Danny fighting on top of a glass mountain. And then that dream faded and she was falling, falling, and bells were ringing. She started up in terror and found the dream bell was a fire engine filling the dawn streets with hideous clamour."

Sabina sank back to the pillow. "Danny's right," she thought. "I'm a baby. What difference can a stone make? But it does make a difference. My luck's where my stone is."

She fell into a hot uneasy sleep to awake to the sound of rain chattering against the window and the pleasant scent of coffee drifting through the flat.

Sabina shrugged on her housecoat and padded into the Sunday-silent scene of last night's party. Danny stood staring out of the window, a tide of newspapers at his feet.

Sabina made a dive. Danny put out his foot and drew the newspapers out of her reach. "Coffee?" he said.

"Has Oliver phoned? What do they say about me?" she demanded.

Danny put both feet on the newspapers. "Have some coffee first."

Sabina began to shake. "Is it that bad?"

Danny studied her for a moment. Then he picked up a sheet. "Here you are then," he said. "I'll read it——

"'Mr. Samuel Gluck, Managing Director of Essex Enterprises Limited, said in an interview that the production of *Penny Princess* would close as from last night owing to the irreplaceable loss of Miss Eve Howitt in the lead. Mr. Gluck was glad to say Miss Howitt had recovered consciousness.'"

Danny paused. "Then there's a bit of drivel about Oliver and then:

"'Her place was taken last night by her understudy, a Miss Sabina Rose. Miss Rose gave an adequate and pretty performance which, though immature, shows some signs of promise.'"

DANNY put the paper down and turned to the window. Sabina stared at him dumbly. And then she leapt forward, snatched up the newspaper and hurled it across the piano.

"Adequate, pretty," she breathed.

"Let's have some coffee," Danny said. Sabina flung herself down on the settee and burst into a storm of despairing tears. She was still crying when Danny came in with the coffee. "Be your age, Sabina," he said. "It isn't the end of the world. Remember how we gnashed our teeth over losing the Bennett Variety job? Two days later we had Ciampi in tow."

"This is different," Sabina sobbed. "I knew this would happen." She caught her breath sharply. "And so did you. Last night you said it was good experience. With the accent on the was."

Danny fiddled with the music stand. "I heard old Gluck hinting while the show was on." He came and sat down beside her. "Sam has to look at it from the business angle, you know. Nobody's ever heard of you, chicken."

"I've got to the top only to be pushed off," Sabina wailed.

"Nonsense." Danny's voice was curt. "You're nowhere near the top. Drink this. You've four hours practice to do."

Sabina gulped. "What's the good? Besides, I'm meeting Oliver."

Danny walked over to the window. "I shouldn't. Let him drop."

Sabina sprang to her feet. "Let him drop? He's my only hope."

Danny swung round on her, his eyes snapping. "What d'you mean? We've done pretty well without him up to now."

"We?" Sabina said.

"You, then. I'm still around, don't forget. I shan't run out on you."

"Nor will Oliver," Sabina tried to say jauntily. Danny gave her a strange tender smile. "I guess I was born to help lame dogs over stiles."

Sabina wheeled round with a toss of her housecoat. "You just enjoy saying rude things. I'm not a lame dog. Anyone would think I needed propping up every inch of the way like a . . . like a lame dog."

"Get dressed," Danny said. "I'll walk you round to Quags. And don't wear any of your wispy shoes. It's pouring."

London seemed to cower under a wet, depressing blanket as they crossed Trafalgar Square. "This reminds me of the time we were looking for the cheapest digs in Blackpool," Sabina sighed as she squelched through a puddle. "Why do people stick to show business? It has so few ups and such a terrible lot of downs." Her voice trembled. "It'll be funny when we're not together any more, won't it?"

Danny dropped his gaze to her wispy shoes. "Very funny," he agreed. "I shall be going to United Studios to write film music."

Sabina laughed. They were in Shaftesbury Avenue, dodging the worst puddles. "What's that crowd?" Sabina said suddenly. "On a Sunday. Hey, I believe it's a fire. Yes, it is. Danny, it's Quags! Quags is on fire."

"Oh heck," Danny groaned. "More trouble." He stared up the street. "Here comes that Vera. She always knows everything."

Vera Somers was tapping towards them, her heels making little plops on the pavement.

"The back of the theatre's got it too," she said triumphantly. "Serve Sam Gluck right. Though I bet the old meanie'll cash in on the insurance. The dressing-rooms are burning like merry hell." She grinned at Sabina. "Well, at least you got a kiss out of your leading man. That's the best way with fellows. Short and sweet."

Sabina stared at her dumbly.

"Haven't you seen the papers, dear?" Vera said. "Oliver left for Hollywood this morning. Sam's released him from his contract."

"I've got a date with him at eleven," Sabina said stupidly.

Vera laughed. "Too bad. Haven't you ever had a man walk out on you before? You're lucky, dear. See you tomorrow, propping up the Agent's door as usual."

Danny watched her cross the road. "There," he said, "goes a first-class example of the species feline."

"Life's cruel," Sabina whispered. "Cruel to keep hitting the same person. No success, no job, and now . . . to know he was just playing with me all the time." She bit her lip. "Last night seems a million years away. Last night I was *someone*. I was up in the sunshine."

Danny drew her arm close to his. "I'm glad you had that little moment," he said gently. "In spite of everything, I'm glad. It's only the first of many, peach."

Sabina seemed not to hear him. She was staring up at the billowing smoke. "It's all because I lost my stone," she said softly.

"Oh Lord," Danny groaned. "Don't start that stone business all over again."

"Vera said the dressing-rooms were alight," Sabina said in a dreamy voice. Suddenly she had slipped from Danny's arm and was running towards the crowd.

"Sabina!" Danny shouted. "Don't be a fool. Let the wretched thing burn."

He came up with her in front of the Essex. "All right, dear," he said quietly. "It does matter. I know a way. Down the alley and through the skylight. If I can slip through the powers that be."

Sabina knew she ought to stop him, yet she did not move. Danny skipped the coils of bubbling hose. A few people followed them. Danny waved his hand. Sabina saw him reach for the skylight bar. And then a tremendous shadow seemed to overhang the alley. The shadow of the joist bending out from Quags' roof, a blackened, heaving finger that hovered uncertainly as if searching for a place to fall.

Sabina tried to scream. Only a murmur escaped her lips. Danny raised his hands in a strange gesture of acceptance. Sabina hid her face. The dull thud seemed to come from far off, much less loud than her thundering heart. Slowly she raised her eyes as if in prayer. The opening was empty. Empty except for the smouldering beam.

"Danny," a voice said inside Sabina. "You were right. It didn't matter. Nothing matters now."

Abruptly she was pushed aside, the struggling crowd carried her into the space in front of the theatre. Someone ran to the phone box on the other side. She stood, her hands pressed coldly against the wall, waiting. Dully she heard the clang of the ambulance bell, the whispers, the sharply in-drawn breaths.

WILD panic made her struggle suddenly to get free. She flung away the sightseers and ran, head down, straight to the flat.

"I imagined it all," she thought. "It's a bit more of the dream I had last night. I shall see his head over the top of the piano as I always do. I must practise. He will be cross over my top C."

She let herself in and stared with dry curious eyes at the silent piano. "Maybe he's doing scrambled egg," she thought. Stupidly she searched the flat. And then, trailing, back into the big room, she stared at the trampled newspapers. "He really isn't here. Otherwise he'd have straightened those papers. He's tried so hard to teach me to be tidy. Among all the other things he's taught me. He left out the notice about (*Continued on page 70*)

Time To Hide Your Face!

(*Continued from page 51*)

of your skin, which needs its "exercise" like every other part of the body. The *whole* skin should be exposed to air at least once a day in process of either dressing or undressing; this seems almost too obvious to mention but it really isn't when you see how some people dress and undress.

Unless the skin is specially sensitive, it should be kept regularly cleansed of its natural greasy secretions, which is best done by a thorough washing with a coal tar soap (in the case of a sensitive skin, an oatmeal soap) and water.

The morning bath, avoiding any extreme of temperature, should always finish with a tepid or cold sponge of the entire surface of the body, followed by a general towelling. By this, the whole skin is well flushed with blood.

Apart from the stimulus of cold or heat, other ways of exercising the skin are by means of massage, or by inducing perspiration through physical exercise; therefore don't forget the daily walk.

You will be assisting the process of elimination by attention to your diet and what you drink. Eating between meals or late at night is harmful. Generally, for human volcanoes, the simplest, blandest and mildest diet is the only safe one. Cereals and starchy foods should be reduced to a minimum. There must be plenty of fluid, whether water, tea, fruit juice, lime-water or barley water. Lemonade barley water is an excellent drink and you can hardly take too much of it.

A word about the citrus fruits, oranges and lemons. This type of fruit should only be taken in moderation, for example, no more than one orange a day. If taken in excess, they are apt to diminish the calcium, i.e. the lime, in the blood. Don't forget the value of green vegetables such as spinach—and not only *green* vegetables—the onion is beneficial by reason of the sulphur it contains. Scraped carrot is as much a complexion refiner as it is an agent responsible for the shiny coats of horses. Use freely the now-appearing lettuce and watercress, which supply iron and vitamins. Rhubarb, relieved of its acidity, is helpful; our ancestors, remember, used to chew rhubarb root. If you should require a spring blood tonic try lime and sulphur tablets.

END

It's A Wonderful Life—Sometimes!

(*Continued from page 11*)

People believe that my job takes me to thrilling surroundings. News am afraid occurs more frequently in the slums of Hoxton, the Elephant and Castle, and Seven Dials. News seldom asks for the romantic setting.

The truth of the matter is that life offers the cup from which the writer sips and, although it can be honey-sweet, it can also be bitter as gall! One has to be born with the urge of the pen in one's blood to love the work, otherwise I am sure it would not be possible to face the continued strain, the strenuous demands on time and energy, and the one bogy—to which the whole of the public appears to be blind—the tumultuous disappointments that we are for ever facing!

I cannot attend half the entertainments I would adore to see, I cannot read many books that would enchant me, because frankly there is not the time. I am frequently compelled to go back to a job when the rest of the world's workers have shut up shop, because ours is a twenty-four-hour day, and the demands must be coped with, and loyalty to the paper forever comes first. But I am not worried. Not at all. The strange thing seems to be that I love every moment of it.

When I appear in public, I appear to be calm. I speak fluently, I hope amusingly, and apparently the right words flow off my tongue quite easily. Or, don't they? A speaker has always to study notes for some time beforehand, and although she may give the impression of talking with extempore ease, and being delightfully natural, do not be too sure! Every night for a week beforehand, I shall have given time to it, and shall have rehearsed. The gentle art of deception covers a natural nervousness that would be my undoing if I had not prepared myself for it. I usually rehearse speeches in my bath at night, because then the telephone cannot distract me, and also I have a little spare time. All I can give, anyway.

Nobody has secured fame without doing something to earn it. They work. I do have wonderful moments, I agree, and a dizzy moment is worth years of toil. For instance, my first novel contract, coming after months of disappointment. The first time that I saw a poster with my own face on it staring at me from the top of several London buses. The moment when I humbly inquired from my publisher about my sales, which I thought were down, and he told me the novel I queried had sold a quarter of a million!

But for such moments there is the disappointment for ever tapping at our doors. Rejection slips. An acceptance, then the article shelved and put aside. Commissions which fall short. The fickleness of the public, too. All these things are with us.

But I do not despair. In the great newspaper houses I see something stimulating that possibly you would miss. It is no glittering light, but the example of the supreme courage of those who work therein. People who are bent on doing their job well, and who go on, and then that rare editorial grin, and the chuckle when you have done something good — after all.

If this is what you mean by a wonderful life, then Miss Bloom has it every time. What is more, she thanks God for the joy that it gives her. She loves it.

But—ladies and gentlemen—it *is hard work*!

END

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The Hand-in-Glove Calypso

(*Continued from page 68*)

Oliver when he read to me. He tried to spare me. He's always tried to spare me. The only person he's never spared is himself."

She sat down at the piano and looked at the keys, still unable to cry. The silence seemed the silence of the deepest parts of the earth.

"Yes," she said out loud, "yes. He's not here. I was wondering how to get rid of him."

With an hysterical burst of laughter, she went and flung herself on her bed. The laughter dissolved abruptly into a torrent of grief that left her head reeling.

She sank against the pillow, too languid to think. Exhaustion pressed sleep on her, a sleep where the tender tinkle of "Blue Skies" echoed in an empty room.

Sabina knew she was crying. She sat up, trying to shake away the bitter tune. It was nearly dark. Everything greyly still. Yet still the tune went jingling plaintively on.

Clenching her teeth, she made herself walk along the passage. Shaking with terror she pushed the door with her foot. Danny was sitting at the piano, playing with one hand. The other hung limp, encased in plaster.

She stood looking at him, a frozen, unbelieving stare.

"How about some coffee?" Danny asked.

"I said you never knew when you were licked," Sabina whispered. And then she was running, flinging herself down beside him, her head against his knees. "Oh Danny, my darling. Are you real?"

He caught her hair in his good hand and turned her face up to his. "Hey there," he said. "What's going on? I just let go and dropped into the corridor. It was a stone corridor. But I only broke my wrist. No piano at the hospital, so I discharged myself."

"That wasn't the reason," Sabina wept.

"No," Danny said. "No. It wasn't. I knew you'd be having a bad patch, so dear old 'Blue Skies' seemed appropriate. Now do blow your nose, peach, and sit up. I've written a new number. Listen."

Danny kept his eyes on her. "I'm a great big hand and you're a sweet little glove," he said among the rolling notes in the bass. And stopped.

Sabina's tear-stained face was blank. "It's beautiful," she said obediently. "Is that all of it?"

"It's calypso," Danny murmured. "Very bad calypso. Come here." Sabina went and leaned against his shoulder.

"Listen, dear. Do you know what hands are for? They're for keeping gloves warm and the right shape. So gloves get somewhere instead of lying around in corners. That's what I've tried to be. Your hand-in-glove."

Sabina put her arms round his neck. "It's the 'Us Calypso'," she whispered. "We'll keep 'Blue Skies' for bad patches and the 'Us Calypso' for when I kid myself I'm better than I am. I've d-decided not to marry Oliver. He's t-terribly unreliable and I know he couldn't boil milk. I h-haven't got a hankie."

Danny felt in his pocket. Blindly Sabina held out her hand.

"Look, chicken," Danny said. Through a cloud of tears she saw her lucky stone stuck on the top of his middle finger. "It must have been in my coat all the time. This is the suit I wore last night. All my heroics for nothing. What a waste."

Sabina stared at his finger. "Danny, it's you. The man I have to marry. Why didn't you tell me I loved you before?"

"I've known about the single ticket for moons," Danny said gently. "Only I wasn't sure of the return half."

Sabina leaned forward and looked into his eyes. "Thank you for the happy years, Danny darling," she said quietly. "And thank you for everything else. Everything I never want to end."

Danny drew her head down to his and murmured tenderly, "true fairy-tales end with a kiss."

It was a kiss which Sabina could not possibly have described as ordinary, a kiss which seemed to light the last blind corners of her heart.

END

Be A Chameleon Over Colour

(*Continued from page 29*)

all that a sapphire-blue carpet please, and I mean a clear, "blue" blue and not blue tinged with green. Chair covers? A print with as much sapphire, dove-grey and salmon-pink as you can find. Now something simpler, but still original. White walls with an earth-brown carpet, lime green and white curtains and plain, lime green linen chair covers, with a single chair covered in bright coral wool.

I have seen wonderful effects made by opposing bright, delphinium-blue with jade green, and by cyclamen-pink with grey and sulphur-yellow, and I have been successful in warming up a sunless, north room by means of parchment-coloured walls, wallflower-red paintwork and hangings in the wallflower colourings, reds, yellows and amber. This room gained by having a light floor, waxed, natural wood, with rugs picking up the colours of the scheme.

Play with bits of coloured material, wallpaper and paint-makers' sample-books when planning your rooms. Get as large a pattern as possible of fabrics you mean to use.

Don't be afraid of putting unusual or unexpected colours together. Say to yourself: "Do *I* like it?" not "I wonder if *they* will like it?" Please yourself and there is a fair chance that your originality will win approval. Black, which is fast becoming a "decorators' colour" is tricky to handle.

Nevertheless, don't overlook the possibilities of black-and-white printed materials, china, pottery, ironwork and chequered flooring. Used with white walls and paintwork it is a splendidly fresh-looking setting for splashes of clear, vibrant colour in the odd chair or cushion, Chinese-pink, citron, scarlet, any or all of them are good in a black and white scheme.

TRY to avoid timid, frightened-looking colouring and the so-called "art" furnishing shades. Go for fearless, sharp, clean colour.

If you cannot find the exact colour you want for a material in the furnishing departments of a store, try the dress materials. Some of these, particularly in linens, cottons, tweeds and heavy rayons, come in wonderful shades for furnishing. Woollens sometimes appear in bright, plain colours good for covering a chair or stool. Careful planning and a dash of daring experiment are the ingredients of an original colour scheme. Can anything have a more vitalizing effect than colour in a rather ordinary room?

END

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden

(*Continued from page 55*)

into some precious plant.

Have you ever used rust-resisting shears? They are deliciously light and need sharpening far less often than others. Both long-handled, and short-handled edging shears are needed repeatedly through the summer. Before you can start on grass edging with shears in the spring, the edges usually need tidying up with something like the electric Edgemaster, or a "half-moon"cutter, and here again the stainless steel half-moon is a joy to use.

I find staking plants a tedious job and the only answer is to grow plants that do not need this. I have found, however, two or three aids to staking.

When the soil is moist, stakes go in easily, but if the ground is hard and dry, driving in a bamboo stake with a hammer is the best way of splitting it. The Drivall, a very simple tool, is like a length of metal pipe with two handles, and one solid end. You slip it over the stake in the position you want it, then lift the Drivall and let it drop on the stake which goes gently and steadily into the hardest ground, without damaging the stake. A cane driver working on the same principle is ideal for driving in bamboo canes.

Filis twine is the usual tie for plants, especially for large clumps, and a plastic ring with a small blade in it, worn on the first finger of the right hand is much quicker for cutting than diving into a pocket for scissors. Split wire rings too are quick and efficient for securing single stems to stakes.

Perhaps it sounds premature to talk about watering devices at this time of the year, but we often get a dry April and May, and these are the months when crops sown in the autumn are making progress and need a good water supply. So, don't wait until the plants are visibly flagging before you think of watering. If you have no apparatus for watering easily, put a plastic hose on your list of buys. It is light to handle and less perishable than a rubber one. It is also cheaper, and you can get plastic spray lines that give a fine misty spray over your herbaceous border.

END

Knit As You View *(Continued)*

First Jumper

(*Continued from page 44*)

Hand knitting.—Join in wool at centre edge, cast off 10 sts. and work second side to correspond.

Machine knitting.—Cast off 10 sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

Hand knitting.—With No. 9 needles and 4-ply wool.

Machine knitting.—Using appropriate tension and 4-ply wool.

Cast on 80 (84, 88) sts. Work in st.-st., inc. each end of every following 12th row until 100 (104, 108) sts. Work 10 more rows.

To Shape Sleeve-head.—Cast off 7 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. both ends of every alternate row until 36 sts. remain, now dec. each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS (both alike)

Hand knitting.—With No. 12 needles and 2-ply wool.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at appropriate tension and 2-ply wool.

Cast on 82 (86, 90) sts. Work in st.-st. for 36 rows, inc. both ends of every 4th row at the same time making buttonholes on the 13th/14th and 25th/26th rows thus:

1st buttonhole rows.—K. 5, cast off 4, k. to end of row.

2nd buttonhole row.—P. to last 9, cast on 4, p. 5.

Work a further 36 rows dec. both ends of every 4th row and repeating buttonhole rows on the 11th/12th and 23rd/24th rows. Cast off.

COLLAR AND TABS

Hand knitting.—With No. 12 needles and 2-ply wool.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at appropriate tension and 2-ply wool.

Cast on 20 sts. and work in st.-st. for 3¾ (4, 4¼) ins., leave sts. on a stitch-holder.

Cast on 2 sts., inc. each end of every alternate row until 20 sts. Work 4 rows.

***25th row.**—Make buttonhole. K. 8, cast off 4, k. 8.

26th row.—Make buttonhole. P. 8, cast on 4, p. 8.

Work 16 rows.* Rep. from * to * twice, then rep. 2 buttonhole rows. Work 9 more rows.

Next row.—Cast off 10, work to end of row, cast on 98 sts., work across 20 sts. from stitch-holder.

Next row.—Cast off 10, k. to end of row. Work 7 more rows (98 rows and 118 sts.).

Inc. each end of (*Continued on page 72*)

February Reading

(*Continued from page* 35)

a capital feat of historical recreation illustrated with charming old prints.

F.A.N.Y. has had an interesting history, from a First Aid Nursing Yeomanry founded in 1907 to a nursery for intrepid women agents dropped into occupied territory in the last war and welfare workers dedicated to clearing up the tragic aftermath. In **"F.A.N.Y. Invicta"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), Dame Irene Ward M.P., tells factually its chequered story and gives the names and careers of thirteen women who suffered martyrdom at enemy hands, apart from those like Odette Churchill who were fortunate to survive. It is an impressive record of women's courage and resource both in war and peace of which every serving or ex-F.A.N.Y. can be justly proud.

It is sometimes said "Save us from our friends." Authors might equally say, "Save us not only from our traducers but introducers." Introducing and editing selections from the books of a popular U.S. pressman—**"The World, The Flesh, And H. Allen Smith"** (Barker, 16s.), Bergen Evans says: "He believes that dishonesty is firmly embedded in the human character and that men have petty larceny forever in their hearts and lies forever in their mouths. He believes that deceit and mistrust are the essence of human relationships. . . ." To him one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived was an unknown thinker who on a steel pillar in the Fourteenth Street I.R.T. subway scribbled "Nuts to people" and then faded into the crowd. If that were all Allen Smith amounted to we shouldn't want to read him. I would describe him as the hard-boiled Yank with soft core, tabloiding life, people and telling funny stories—which he does divertingly in this astute *causerie*.

Few U.S. novelists, however outwardly sophisticated, lack that soft core—or they couldn't be novelists. It enables Rose Franken to portray with abundant sympathy a widow in her forties in **"Intimate Story"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), which goes deeper than *Claudia*. Mrs. Gerry has her tender memories of a husband five years dead, a son killed in the war; a daughter and son-in-law to whom she is fearful of being thought to "cling"; her ailments, problems, hopes which promise a new life when she meets in Florence, on a European tour, a young New Zealander guide who is attracted sufficiently to find an excuse to follow her back to the States. Every wife and widow, I imagine, will see in her something of themselves. It has a universal human appeal.

John P. Marquand humanizes the slow, insidious inner corruption by success of a New England business tycoon in **"Sincerely, Willis Wayde"** (Hale, 15s.). He wants to be "sincere" and a ruthless money-making corporation president at the same time. Doesn't he devote fifteen minutes every morning to bits from President Eliot's "Five Foot Shelf" of classics? Mr. Marquand doesn't spare the irony, but the man is there to the heart—more so than the women in his life, his wife Sylvia—whom he calls "sweetness," rejecting "honey" as vulgar—and Bess Harcourt.

KAY BOYLE is more sharply sensitive in presenting an Ohio girl, Mary, studying art in Paris. Mary goes to a fishing village in southern France in response to a newspaper appeal from a schoolmaster there inviting some sympathetic American to come and study local people and problems. Mary finds Abelin a hotbed of postwar political dissensions, the schoolmaster suspected of sabotage, a strange Algerian fiddler-dancer the victim of a murder plot. She has, in fact, quite a busy time helping to straighten things out with the aid of a document hidden in a wooden gull. But **"The Seagull On The Step"** (Faber, 15s.) transcends these stagey developments with its acute character-drawing background, and intuitive style.

Our fourth Yank—Rosemary Taylor's **"Ghost Town Bonanza"** (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.), is content to be light and romantic, portraying the adventures of a young couple who lose their car over a cliff in desolate Arizona and find refuge in one of those ghost towns haunted by more than spooks. There's plenty of soft core here, for it's a love story as well as an amusing extravaganza.

Our British batch well holds its own, with Frank Tilsley and L. A. G. Strong in the van. Mr. Tilsley's serious concern is with a normal family in which the youngest son, Sid, is charged with murder. How could this possibly happen to *them*? True, he was absent from a party the night of the crime, but . . . young Sid, a murderer? Preposterous. The cataclysmic upset—which might afflict *any* family—is vividly graphed in **"Thicker Than Water"** (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s.) on the theme-note struck by a news reporter: "What we do to a murderer is nothing to what we do to his family."

Mr. Strong's inoffensive, orphan-reared Georgie Bagshawe is all but provoked into murder by a mercenary, domineering, nagging wife who even stoops to petty moneylending and blackmail. He wants to be rid of her and marry the pious, reliable Ruth whom he has met. He is rid of her—but not in the way he intended. The Edwardian small-shop background of **"Deliverance"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) has a Kippsian tinting—until drama begins to darken it. There is something, too, of Gissing's shabby-genteel in this well-told tale.

Guy McCrone disproves the theory that a happy marriage has no story in **"James And Charlotte"** (Constable, 13s. 6d.). A very real, touching story indeed is disclosed to Margaret by her grandfather's diaries—and the sombre one of her own parents who had left the grandparents to bring her up. As a picture of middle-class life and a famous surgeon's family in Glasgow and its loch country, it could hardly be bettered.

Admirable, too, is Jean Plaidy's **"Royal Road To Fotheringay"** (Hale, 12s. 6d.), a fictional life of Mary Queen of Scots in 350 drama-packed pages, by one of our best historical novelists.

END

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Knit As You View . . .

(*Continued from page 70*)

next and every following 4th row, making buttonhole on the 115th/116th and 133rd/134th rows as follows:

1st buttonhole row.—K. to last 8, cast off 4, k. 4.

2nd buttonhole row.—P. 4, cast on 4, p. to end of row.

Continue until 142 sts., then work 5 rows. Dec. each end of next and every following 4th row, making buttonhole on 157th/158th and 175th/176th row. Continue until 118 sts. remain. Work 9 more rows, ending with a p. row.

Next row.—Cast on 10, k. 10, cast off 98, k. 10, cast on 10.

Working on the last set of 20 sts. work 8 rows.

****Next row.**—K. 8, cast off 4, k. 8.

Next row.—P. 8, cast on 4, p. 8.

Work 16 rows.** Rep. from ** to ** twice, then rep. 2 buttonhole rows.

Work 4 more rows, then dec. each end of every alternate row until 2 sts. remain. Fasten off.

Now work on other set of 20 sts. for 3¾ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP THE JUMPER

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves.

Fold collar in half and cut inter-facing to same shape, making it ½-in. smaller than collar. Slash neck edge of lining for ½-in. at 1-in. intervals. With back-stitch seam sew round collar edges leaving back open, turn and insert inter-facing, securing at points of collar and button tabs.

Cut buttonholes in lining and sew buttonholes together. Stitch lining to the under collar at centre. Sew on button and buttonhole bands, sew in collar.

Note.—The button band is shorter than the buttonhole band. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes, and sew two buttons to collar. Sew on cuffs in similar manner, sew on buttons to opposite end to buttonholes. Sew on hook and eye to top of buttonhole band.

Second Jumper

(*Continued from page 45*)

5th row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) moss-st. to last 10 (11, 12), k. 10 (11, 12).

6th row.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) moss-st. to end of row. Cast off.

POCKET LININGS (2)

Hand Knitting.—With No. 11 needles.

Machine Knitting.—Using main tension.

Cast on 28 sts. Work in st.-st. for 22 rows, leave sts. on stitch-holder.

FRONT

Work as for back from ** to **.

Work 1 row, dec. each end of next and following 4th row.

Next row.—Hand Knitting. K. to last 58 sts. slip next 28 sts. on to stitch-holder, replace by 28 sts. forming pocket lining, k. 30.

Machine Knitting.—Starting from right-hand side edge skip 30, take off next 28 sts. and replace by pocket lining. Work this row.

Work 1 row. Proceed as for instructions for back until armhole shaping is completed, then continue until work measures 16 (16½, 17) ins.

SHORT SLEEVE VERSION

Shape Neck. Hand Knitting.—K. 30 (33, 36) turn and work on these sts. until same length as back.

Machine Knitting.—Place 74 (79, 84) sts. on stitch-holder and work on remaining sts. until same length as back.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts. at shoulder edge on next and following 2 alternate rows.

Hand Knitting.—Cast off 44 (46, 48) sts. and work second side to correspond.

Machine Knitting.—Cast off 44 (46, 48) sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

LONG SLEEVE VERSION

Shape Neck.—Hand Knitting. K. 30 (33, 36) turn, cast on 6 sts. and work on these sts. until same length as back.

Machine Knitting.—Place 74 (79, 84) sts. on to stitch-holder, cast on 6 sts. and work on remaining 36 (39, 42) sts. until same length as back.

To Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 10 (11, 12) sts. at shoulder edge on next and following alternate row, then cast off remaining sts.

Hand Knitting.—Cast off 44 (46, 48) sts., then cast on 6 sts. and work second side to correspond.

Machine Knitting.—Cast off 44 (46, 48) sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining sts. on to machine, cast on 6 and work second side to correspond.

LONG SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 60 (64, 68) sts. Work in moss-st. for 1½ ins.

Hand Knitting.—Change to No. 11 needles and main colour wool.

Machine Knitting.—Place sts. on to machine and use main tension and main colour wool.

Continue in st.-st. inc. each end of next and every following 10th row until 96 (100, 104) sts. Work further 12 rows.

To Shape Top.—Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of every alternate row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 4 rows.

SHORT SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 96 (100, 104) sts. Work in moss-st. for 1½ ins.

Hand Knitting.—Change to No. 11 needles and main colour wool.

Machine Knitting.—Place sts. on to machine and use main tension and main colour wool.

Work in st.-st. for 2½ ins. Shape top as for long sleeve.

POCKET TOP FOR SHORT SLEEVE VERSION

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool work on sts. from stitch-holder in moss-st. for 1½ ins. Cast off.

NECK FACINGS FOR SHORT SLEEVE VERSION

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 76 (78, 80) sts.

Work in moss-st. for 2 ins.

Next row.—Work 16, cast off 44 (46, 48) work 16. Continue on these last 16 sts. for 5½ ins. Cast off. Join in wool and work second side to correspond.

POCKET TOP FOR LONG SLEEVE VERSION

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool work on sts. from stitch-holder in moss-st. as follows:

1st row.—Work. **2nd row.**—Cast on 10, work to end of row. Inc. at end of next row and at this edge every row 8 times, then dec. at this edge 8 times. Cast off.

BUCKLE BAND FOR LONG SLEEVE VERSION

With No. 12 needles and contrast colour wool cast on 54 (56, 58) sts. Work in moss-st. inc. at beginning of next row and at this edge every row 13 times, then dec. at same edge every row 13 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Turn up 1-in. hem at the bottom of garment on the wrong side and slip-hem. Sew facings to jumper, placing buckles and buttons in appropriate places.

Long Sleeve Version.—Turn back 6 cast-on sts. at neck and catch down.

END

1.2.56

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